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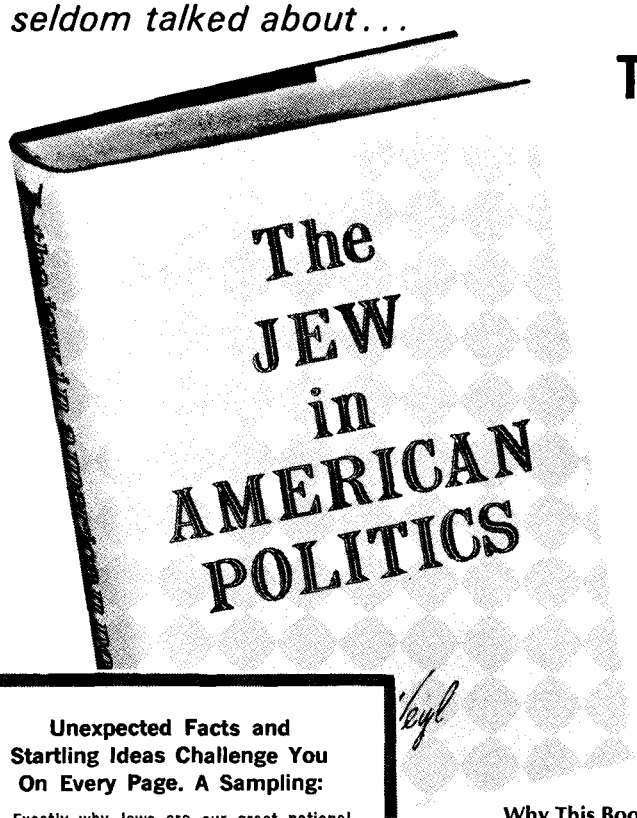

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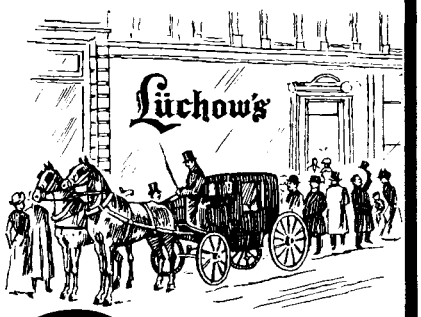

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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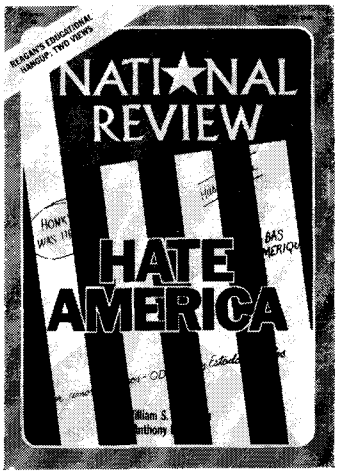
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ Two local hands scrutinize the now worldwide phenomenon of anti-Americanism from their respective vantage points in London and West Germany. Mr. **Anthony Lejeune**, *NR*'s London correspondent, chastises his compatriots for their biased coverage of American affairs and wonders why we render them so much assistance by not properly defending our own positions—on the BBC, in the press, in the image that our movies and television shows project of American life. Mr. **William S. Schlamm** writes from the continent to say that America aids the anti-American cause in other ways, too. By specifically refusing to win in Vietnam, for example, we've given West Germans reason to hate and fear what our weakness may portend for their own security *vis-à-vis* Russia. When America acts irrationally, it must expect to be irrationally despised. . . .



An article in these pages by William Buckley, "A Relaxing View of Ronald Reagan" (Nov. 28, 1967), brought a nervous reaction from **Hugh Kenner**, which in turn provoked a seizure in **Jeffrey Hart**. The issue, more or less, is Governor Reagan's policies on state education and welfare, and the disputants are both professors of English (Kenner—University of California, Santa Barbara; Hart—Dartmouth). We file the whole thing under The Open Question and look for early relief in our astrological charts. . . . The American-African Affairs Association, which provides an up-to-date information service on Africa for Americans, commissioned the report on Kenya by **John Chamberlain** that appears for the first time in this issue. Mr. Chamberlain, the distinguished journalist and syndicated columnist, was new to Kenya. He surveyed the territory, interviewed officials and local people, and came away with a guarded optimism which confirms what many have believed from the beginning, that no one social, political or economic solution can be adequate for all of Africa, but that the paths toward a happy future will be as varied as the many faces of that vast continent.

➔ **Frank J. Johnson** edits *Washington Report* for the American Security Council in Washington, D.C. . . . **Michael S. Gazzaniga** teaches at the University of California, Santa Barbara, and has published in *Scientific American*. He is also the editor of *Dialogues in Americanism*. . . . **Theodore Sturgeon**'s novel, *More Than Human*, is under option to the movies. . . . **Max Geltman** has written for *NR* about Jews in America (October 4, 1966) and in Russia (October 31, 1967). . . . **Richard Corliss** contributes film criticism to *Film Quarterly* and other journals.

➔ We welcome Mr. **Alec Waugh**'s reappearance in Delectations. Mr. Waugh, whose latest book is *My Brother Evelyn and Other Portraits*, rarely spends more than six consecutive weeks in any one place. He has four bases—London, New York, Villefranche and Tangiers—and keeps a wardrobe in each. He used to do his writing on board ship but—see page 462—not any more. ➔

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LETTERS

Cover Stories

In recent issues NATIONAL REVIEW has run a variety of articles relating to a specific topic. I applaud this action and distinctly enjoyed the March 12 issue's cover stories on graduate education and the public inequities of public-supported higher education.

The Kilpatrick series on Presidential candidates and front-running non-candidates reached a new plateau of superior reporting in the April 9 McCarthy profile.

I believe, however, that your grotesque cover portrait did the Senator's personal appearance and "inner self" a severe injustice.

JOHN L. KELLEY

Bloomington, Ind.

James Jackson Kilpatrick's "McCarthy—Man From La Mancha" [April 9] was a very interesting profile of a man whose political views are as different from mine as A is from Z. As much as I may disagree with the answers he has to today's problems, Mr. Kilpatrick's description of his campaign as one that deserves a conservative's respect is very true.

The one aspect of McCarthy's campaign that impresses me the most is his consistency of thought. He does not change his position from week to week (I am thinking of that notorious weathercock, Rockefeller), and while he may not have the dough of another Presidential candidate, he has more refinement and intelligence than any candidate since John F. Kennedy.

Hypothetically speaking, if it came down to a contest between Rockefeller and McCarthy, I would unhesitatingly vote for McCarthy—at least we know where he stands on the issues. (Besides this, any man who gets a relatively low 65 per cent rating from the ADA, and has the courage to go ahead and challenge the formidable Kennedy clan, can't be all bad!)

GAIL LYNN LARSON

Lombard, Ill.

I quote the Kilpatrick article: "McCarthy is certainly no rabid anti-Communist—he actively supports expanded trade with the Soviet Union, despite the war in Vietnam—but his *loyalty* ought not to be impugned."

This is loyalty?

Anyway, one Woodrow Wilson per century is mischief enough; two could be fatal.

JOHN JOHNSON

Chesterton, Ind.

Cavalier Treatment

I was delighted to see Russell Kirk's recognition of the economics dispute at the University of Virginia [April 23]. However, there is one misleading point in his column: namely "the *Cavalier Daily*, the University's student newspaper—an unusually intelligent and temperate publication of its sort—has taken up the cause of these professors." I could certainly dispute the compliments paid to the *C.D.*, but I am concerned mainly with the notion that it has taken up the cause of Messrs. Tullock, Buchanan et al. Although our newspaper has given ample coverage to Mr. Buchanan's side of the controversy, it has also editorialized on the other side. In one instance the editors sharply refuted Prof. Buchanan's charge that professional jealousy in the Promotions Committee was responsible for the refusal of Mr. Tullock's promotion. The paper also falsely insinuated that Mr. Buchanan purged the liberals from the department in the early 1960s. This prompted an eloquent denial by Chairman Warren Nutter and several of the department's other "conservatives." Since then the *Cavalier Daily* has offered ambiguous apologies for its allegations, but did not—and I suspect never will—take up the cause of the professors.

Charlottesville, Va. R. MICHAEL KRAMM

Liberators False and True

Your April 9 issue ["The False Liberators"] condemns the Polish students who are rebelling against "bad Communism" in favor of "good Communism," instead of fighting for the Western kind of human liberties.

You are mistaken in your criticism. The formulation of the students' demands may sound cynical to you, but any non-Communist formulation would have no chance to succeed and would be completely unrealistic. The "Polish government," which is really a colonial Soviet administration, understands it very well and suppresses it with full energy.

I have met in the last few years several Polish Communists (or rather Party members) visiting the U.S.A. One of them told me that the American Communists are the most despicable traitors. Since in previous conversations he invariably followed the Party line, I was genuinely surprised. He explained heatedly and indignantly that the American Communists, without being forced to do it, want to change the happy land of the U.S.A. into a dreary Soviet colony like the present day Polish Peoples Republic. He said also: "Poland is at the complete mercy of the Soviets, and we must play the way they want us to. If they decide to put up gas chambers and exterminate us, which they can and may do, America will not save us and American liberals may not even protest against it."

New York NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST

Government Unions

Our attention has just been called to the Focus on Washington column in the March 26 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

The column refers to the National Federation of Federal Employees as "newly-formed." The fact is that the NFFE is the oldest of all general unions of federal employees and last year celebrated its fiftieth anniversary! It is true, as Cato says, that the NFFE had the largest number of exclusive recognitions *gained* in the past fifteen months, namely, by 250 per cent.

The column reports, surprisingly, however, that "all the government unions are safely under the tent of the AFL-CIO right now." That is a truly remarkable statement in view of the fact that the NFFE is the largest *independent*, having withdrawn from the AFL more than 35 years ago. Independent also are other large and influential federal employee unions, such as the National Association of Government Employees, the National Association of Internal Revenue Service Employees, the National Rural Letter Carriers Association, the National Postal Union, the National Customs Association, and literally dozens more, all far outside the tattered AFL-CIO "tent."

Washington, D.C. N. T. WOLKOMIR
President
National Federation of Federal Employees

Too Smart to Study?

I hold no brief for Dr. John Hannah or his chief financial officer, P. J. May, who seem to have run afoul of the usual rules regarding conflict of interest in their dealings at Michigan State University. . . . But Mr. Russell Kirk [Feb. 27] risks the usual values placed upon a B.A. degree when he attempts to ridicule the high intellectual capacity of National Merit Scholars or others with high IQs.

My elder son, who attended the U. of M., told me once that he had the reputation there of "never cracking a book," until he got into higher mathematics. When I asked him, "How come?" he cited the case of himself and his roommate, who had to study hard to get a C while my son got an A with little study. My son went on to get his M.A. at MIT and eventually had twenty-three patents to his credit. Yet in all the time he was at home, he rarely brought home

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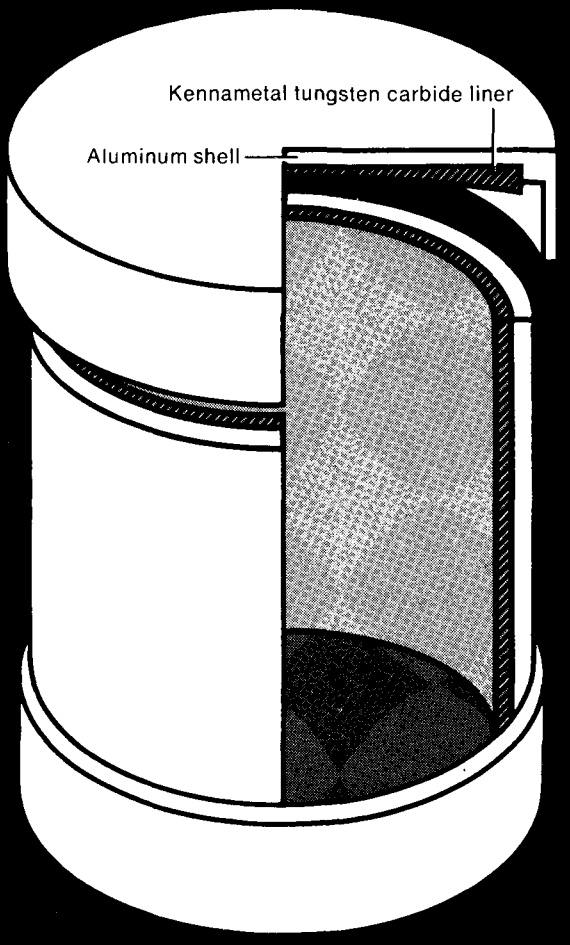

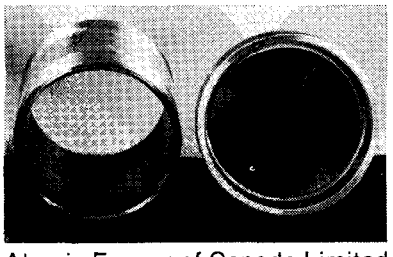

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a book to study evenings and he said that was the same way it was at the college.

Why should a student with a high IQ be loaded to his capacity when his natural talent makes this unnecessary? My son, incidentally, was later president of the Mathematical Society here, which he helped to organize. . . . By the way, what is Mr. Kirk's IQ? This might have a bearing on the subject.

Detroit, Mich. C. HENRY NIMS

A Reply

If Mr. Nims' argument is followed to its logical conclusion, why should students with some natural aptitudes bother to enroll in college at all? If they don't study, their only object must be a snob degree—or, in the phrases of Mr. Christopher Jencks, to acquire a veneer of middle-brow culture and middle-class conviviality.

That some students of congenital talent contrive to graduate without opening anything better than a few required textbooks does not demonstrate their native genius; rather, it suggests that the modern mass campus is no better than a glorified high school. The better minds are left unimproved, and such young persons leave the university with the notion that the higher learning is merely a racket after all. Any nation must pay a price for this corruption of the intellect.

What intelligence-quotient tests reveal, if anything, is a capacity for drawing analogies—perhaps the fundamental of native intelligence. But that is mere untutored ability, a far cry from wisdom. Presumably a college or a university is meant to be a place for the development of the mind, not simply for the display of presumption. Or are we engaged in maintaining a vastly expensive intellectual boondoggle? Only on this latter ground can Behemoth University be defended.

Mecosta, Mich. RUSSELL KIRK

Muhammad Ali Speaks

Your March 26 issue featured a cartoon by C. D. Batchelor, based on a quotation by Cassius Clay. Well, I happened to meet Muhammad Ali in a New York coffee shop shortly thereafter, and made him a gift of my copy, which I had with me at the time. He was delighted. Skimming through the journal, with which he was evidently unfamiliar, he asked, "Is this the kind of magazine that senators read?" I sidestepped the question by replying, "I guess it depends on which ones."

Incidentally, one of his next speaking engagements, if all goes according to plan, will be before a closed-door meeting of the Ku Klux Klan in Atlanta; their similar views on racial separatism

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generated the invitation. The Klansmen will be in full battle regalia. I asked Clay, "What do you plan to wear for the occasion?" He replied, "A black hood. . . ."

Albany, N.Y. NOEL WATSON

Pastor Wurmbrand's Witness

Charles Foley's article, "The Man From God's Underground" [Feb. 27], held a special attraction for me inasmuch as I had the good fortune to attend a lecture which Reverend Wurmbrand presented eighteen months ago at Saint Louis University. What was particularly significant about the event was the fact that his speaking engagement was eclipsed by the widely publicized appearance of the French Marxian theorist, Roger Garaudy, on the same campus just the night before. Unlike the controversial Marxist, whose lecture dealt with the question of a "Christian-Communist dialogue," Pastor Wurmbrand's appearance received scant attention on the university campus and even less in the local press. The net result was that Garaudy's lecture in the university gymnasium was attended by some 3,000 persons whereas the Rumanian clergyman reached some thirty-odd students and a few interested citizens.

The irony of these two isolated appearances was the refusal by Garaudy to confront Reverend Wurmbrand in open debate. That this fact was not mentioned by any of the local newspapers immediately raises the question: Why must wrath be mute and fury dumb? The vast majority of Garaudy's audience confirmed the veracity of John Henry Newman's sage remark: "Logic makes but sorry rhetoric with the multitude; first shoot around corners, and you may not despair of converting by a syllogism. To most men argument makes the point in hand only more doubtful and considerably less impressive."

Conversely, the aura of suffering that enveloped Reverend Wurmbrand during the course of his talk was ineffable. Had he received the audience that attended Garaudy the night before; had he lain bare his tormented soul the way he did in that lecture hall, there would have been little doubt in the minds of the listeners about the futility of "meaningful dialogue" between Christians and the forces of Communism.

The late Whittaker Chambers said that "what our age needs is less minds than martyrs — less knowledge (knowledge was never so cheap) but that wisdom which begins with the necessity to die, if necessary, for one's faith and thereby liberate that hope which is the virtue of the spirit." Pastor Wurmbrand embodies that wisdom, a wisdom which, at the expense of the mind, has clung desperately to the spirit.

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The WEEK

● Thirty-four students from the University of California (Berkeley) have sallied forth to Washington, D. C. to spend three months observing the Poor People Marching. Is heap big seminar, fifteen credits fifteen, called The Politics of Race Relations. Boodle, $5 Gs in instructor pay, comes from endowment funds of the university. Students pay their own way. Like Poor People should.

● While throngs cheered Bobby Kennedy in West Virginia last weekend, state officials smiled with their teeth and fumed. Seems that Donald Dell, an advance man for the RFK juggernaut, wanted a state police escort for The Candidate. The governor's executive assistant refused. But, Dell stormed, Humphrey will have one when *he* comes. Humphrey is incumbent veep, assistant explained. Dell: "Well, maybe he's not going to be an incumbent very much longer, and if that happens, you and some of these people down in West Virginia aren't going to be too happy with how you are treated."

● Our man in Vietnam, Gen. Creighton W. Abrams, should be used to tough assignments by now. For the past year, he has been concerned with the training and performance of the South Vietnamese Army—and in that period, the combat effectiveness of the ARVN has improved to the point where President Thieu can speak of seriously going it alone someday against the Communists. Gen. Abrams is better versed in unconventional warfare than his predecessor, Gen. Westmoreland; unless he is just a lame duck, his elevation to the command could signal new, more flexible approaches to fighting the war in the field.

● How indeed did a tiny engagement in Vietnam mushroom into the fourth largest war in American history? The Republican Coordinating Committee, in a statement issued April 18, laid the blame to military "gradualism" and the concomitant "policy of reaction which induces stalemate. . . ." These two doctrines came in with President Kennedy, argue the committeemen, and they have "fostered aggression, prolonged and escalated a war, undermined our alliances, divided the nation and stripped our reserves to the bone. As doctrines of response, not of initiative, they have created a worldwide crisis of confidence in United States deterrence. In place of peace, they have spawned the very evils they were conceived to banish—war and the escalation of war." The remedy, suggests the Committee, is a return to the "flexible response" strategy of the Fifties, when the Eisenhower Administration averted war by showing "an unmistakable determination to protect the vital interests of the United States anywhere in the world."

● Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish buttinsky, delivered himself of this meditation on the shooting of Dr. King: "I am scared it may become an established custom in America to knock over any man who sticks his head above the ground. . . . I love America deeply, but I regret to say I think it is [more violent than other countries]. . . . I am all against your gun laws. It is argued that the Constitution supports them by holding that every citizen has the right to bear arms. Then to hell with the Constitution!"

● Last week's tumultuous student agitation at Columbia University followed the national pattern. Massed demonstrations, sit-ins in college buildings, the holding of a dean as hostage. The students had two disparate demands: 1) that the university not build a gymnasium in Morningside Park which is now a Harlem play area and 2) that the University cancel certain defense contracts. Within hours the SAS (Students Afro-American Society), some of whose members were reported to be carrying revolvers, had just about thrown out the less radical SDS leaders from Hamilton Hall, where Dean Coleman had been imprisoned overnight, and escalated their demands beyond the original two issues. Now they also wanted immunity from punishment for present and past disturbances, a lifting of the university ban on demonstrations on campus, quasi-control of disciplinary matters, and it was feared the administration would cave in. Because it feared for Dean Coleman's life or safety? a newsman asked. "No," replied a non-striking student. "We wish it were that. They will cave in because they are disposed to cave in." A counter-demonstration by the Students for a Free Campus was barely mentioned by the press, nor was it reported that the vast majority of the Columbia students were eager for the administration to crack down on the demonstrators—treat them rough—throw them out—do whatever was necessary to clear the way for students who want to study. But because Students for a Free Campus are not noisy, because they demonstrate peaceably, because they are not violent, they don't get listened to at Columbia or at most other universities these days.

● Governor Rockefeller's chief campaign braintruster, Emmet John Hughes, was an Eisenhower aide in the early Fifties, and in 1963 wrote a book about those years, *The Ordeal of Power*. Here, straight from the horse's mouth (as unearthed by *Human Events*), the voice of Rockefeller Republicanism: "I was—and am—of the Generation of the New

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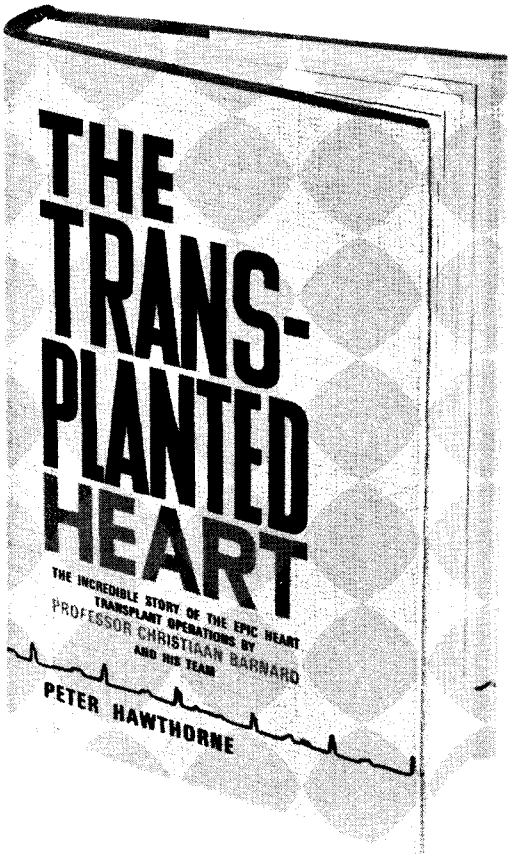
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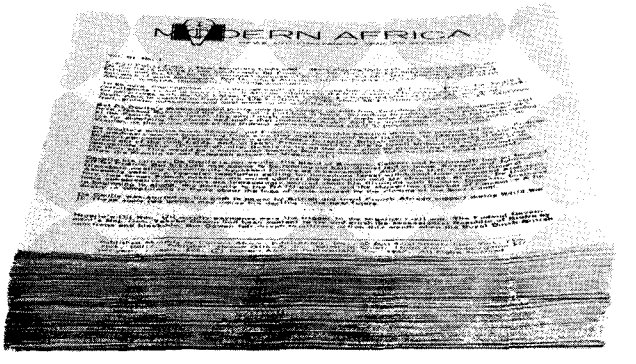

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Deal. Both principles and passions in politics were profoundly affected by all the churning issues of the 1930s, by the contrast then starkly set between the nation's two great political parties, and by the lasting force of the memory of Franklin Roosevelt.

"While accident of age and wartime duty and foreign assignment kept me from voting in any national election until 1952, I would have voted, without exception, until that date, for all Democratic candidates for the Presidency. . . .

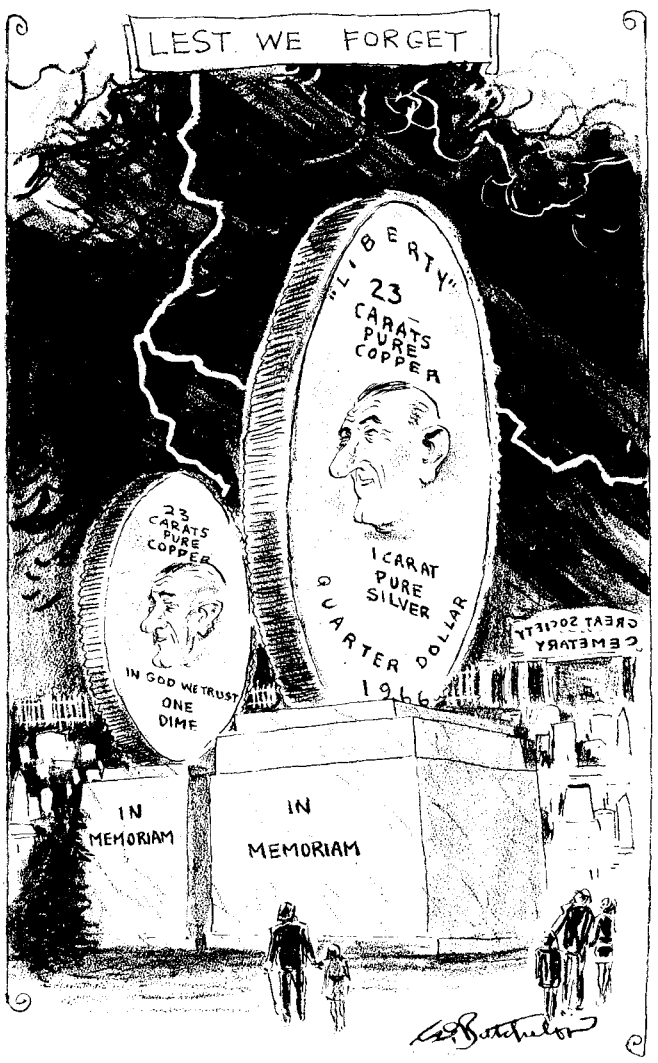
"In terms of political philosophy, after almost a full decade of life in Europe, I broadly shared the views and spirit of the Christian Democratic Left in Western Europe. In terms of American politics, I most commonly found myself a comrade, in purpose and temper, of the Democrats—and not the conservative ones. I still do."

● Juan Bosch's Dominican Revolutionary Party is boycotting the municipal elections that will take place throughout the Dominican Republic on May 16. *Revolutionary Bastion*, an official DPR organ, explains as follows: "We are supporting electoral abstention not only because of the absence of a proper climate and guarantees but because elections are useless as a method for revolutionary organizations to achieve power and transform structures." But the DPR hopes for better days ahead. "If the liberals," predicts José Francesco Peña Gómez, DPR general secretary, making clear he means Robert F. Kennedy, "take power in the United States, the nationalist revolutionaries will take it in Latin America by a natural political law." Is it too much to hope that Juan Bosch's friend, admirer and political apologist, and Kennedy braintruster, Prof. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., will find time for a brief comment on this DPR estimate of the role of elections, the nature of the road to power, and the hemispheric consequences of a Kennedy victory in November?

● Words cannot describe what is going on in Red China these days. A plot against the life of Mao and his spouse is laid to "ultraleftists," according to Hong Kong reports. These baddies have been squashed by "moderates" such as Premier Chou En-lai, who had drawn "ultraleftist" fire as an alleged "capitalist." All systems gung ho, then? Far from it. Now it's Danger On The Right, what with "rightist conservatism," "rightist splittism," "rightist capitulationism," and "the evil wind of reversal of verdicts" bruising the *pax Maoistica*. Let a hundred flowers go blooie.

● The Greek military junta that recently celebrated the first anniversary of its bloodless coup has now banned the recordings of actress Melina Mercouri, presumably because she has indulged in harsh and inaccurate criticisms of the regime. Even those who are disposed to tolerate the regime as a temporary solution to a problem that had reached the point of terminal chaos must deplore such moves as this. The ban can't harm Melina, can't help the regime, and probably won't even stop the circulation of her recordings. It makes the regime look ridiculous (all those colonels afraid of one blonde canary?), and assigns yet one more minute policing chore to an administration that is already obviously in need of experienced officials.

● *Rude Pravo*, the Communist Party newspaper in Czechoslovakia, has suggested that Soviet agents may have killed Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk in 1948. Jiri Hochmann, once the paper's Washington correspondent, wrote last week that the possibility of a Stalinist plot "cannot be taken lightly because the scandalous role Beria's gang played during the pogrom against leading officials of the Czechoslovak party is also generally known." Hochmann added that as the investigation into Masaryk's death continues, "we believe that our Soviet friends will give us every possible legal aid." Whether this is heady



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challenge or lamentable naiveté is unclear, as is the true story behind the recent spate of suicides in Czechoslovakia. The latest, reported on April 19. was Major Bedrich Pokorny, a former intelligence officer who took part in the official investigation of Masaryk's death in 1948. Perhaps a suicide, perhaps the act of an emboldened patriot, perhaps grist for the mill of reformers yet to come.

● Soviet poet Yevtushenko has been doing the pilgrim bit in the footprints of Che Guevara. Arriving in Mexico, he gave an interview (reported in *Excelsior*) in which he said: "After Stalin, the sending of prisoners to Siberia or to concentration camps came to an end. Now Siberia contains, as a great monument, only the empty cells." All right, we bite: Where *has* the Politburo jailed Daniel, Sinyavsky, Ginsburg, Gerald Brooke . . .?

● To the great R. J. Needles, M.D., of St. Petersburg, Florida, who broke his left arm while fine-tuning his teevy: Get well soon, friend.

● The Citizens' Board of Inquiry into Hunger and Malnutrition in the United States has reported that ten million Americans are hungry, a finding which we shall not dispute since in all probability the CBIHMUS sent its pollsters around before breakfast. (Accompanying note from editor: "In other words, I could find nothing in Aggie's 'Hunger' file to refute this assertion, which in all confidence I can say is absurd, having spent three months in the most indigent parts of the Mississippi Delta and having found no resident who even talked of hunger." —P.P.A.)

Why the Struggle Over Where?

"Behind the Haggling Over a Place to Meet," reads the *U. S. News & World Report* head for its standard "Behind the . . ." rundown. "Haggling Over Where to Talk," scolds the *New York Times* crossly in its April 22 lead editorial. The denigrating tone of that "haggling" betrays a defect in historical vision.

Quite probably no topic of the negotiations—when, as, if and for however long they may continue beyond these opening phases—will be more important than the choice of place. Through this psycho-diplomatic battle over where to start talking about talking, the two contestants are expressing their estimates of the real as against the propaganda-colored military situation in the field, and are testing each other's will. The decision will be a summary symbol of the entire course of the negotiations and their all but certain outcome.

When the Allied powers defeated Germany in the first World War, the peace negotiations took place at Versailles, not Potsdam. If Hitler had journeyed to Manchester in 1938 to meet with Daladier and Chamberlain, Czechoslovakia could have sighed with relief before the first session opened. When the Japanese and Russian envoys met at Portsmouth, N.H. on Theodore Roosevelt's invitation, they were recognizing that the United States had become a power both Pacific and Atlantic, and thus truly global.

President Johnson has put himself at a formal disadvantage by his irresponsible earlier demagogy about his readiness "to talk any time, anywhere, with any government" and "to send a trusted representative . . . to any spot on earth to talk in public or private with a spokesman of Hanoi." That is embarrassing, but does not affect the substance of the issue, as his refusal to carry out the logic of those offers demonstrates. Nor is it in reality a question of "communications," "facilities" or "support personnel." Modern transport and electronics solve all such problems routinely.

The Communists hope that with the help of our

The McNamara Legacy

The Defense Department appears to be too much concerned with the procedural methods rather than the real issue. Today it would be impossible to get the Department of Defense to authorize the Nautilus.

Adm. Hyman G. Rickover

When McNamara took the con
(With a heave-ho and a ship-ahoy)
He ran a frugal Pentagon
(It's cheaper mopping up with Joy).
When queried who on land or sea
Ran things most cost-effectively,
His intercom responded: Me!
(Sing derry-derry do)

He loved to bellow, Now hear this!
(Some flotsam's floating dead ahead)
At fellows from Annapolis
(Make that a submarine, instead).
He dearly loved the diesel, so
It makes the surface Navy go.
Thank God he didn't like to row . . .
(Sing derry-derry do)

Unfortunately, Russia feels
(Did McNamara walk the plank?)
You might as well use paddle wheels
(I think he's working for a bank).
Instead of diesels, they prefer
To hear atomic engines purr.
Clark Clifford, sir, do you concur?
(Sing derry-derry do)

W. H. von Dreele

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ascendant doves they will be able to wear down our will on this issue of place by continuing the psywar manipulation of American opinion. A victory in this introductory battle, they reason, will guarantee a victory in the entire negotiation campaign. Unfortunately they have grounds for confidence: the American will has looked rather pale of late. We will get an accurate reading on how sick it is when the place is announced.

Willard—Galt—Ray—?

On the day following the Martin Luther King shooting, Attorney General Ramsey Clark commented that the assassin had left an "unusually large" amount of evidence, and indicated his belief that the case would be quickly wrapped up. For a week or more, statements from his office and the FBI were uniformly optimistic, suggesting that the investigators were so hot on the trail of the quarry that an arrest could be expected at any moment. But the days and then the weeks have been bringing not solution but deepening mystery.

Maybe there was too much evidence. Too readily at hand. It is a very odd assassin indeed, when you come to think about it, who calls attention to himself by paying a $6.50 rent in a shoddy rooming house with a crisp new $20 bill; who takes care to let other boarders see him during his few hours' residence; who waits an hour and a half in a communal bathroom; who, shortly after the shot was fired, drops a rifle and overnight bag before a number of witnesses; who jumps into a white Mustang —hardly the most inconspicuous of cars—and roars away "laying rubber." "John Willard," the landlady says he called himself. Then a while later John Willard is transformed into "Eric Starvo Galt," who took a driver's test in Montgomery, Ala. last September, registered at a rooming house in Birmingham, bought a white Mustang and had it registered in his name, drove 19,000 miles in five months, and spent plenty of money.

Next Galt metamorphosizes into James Earl Ray, an ex-con of forty (a decade older than Willard-Galt had been reported to be) on the lam since last April from a Missouri prison where he had served seven years of a twenty-year sentence for armed robbery and car theft.

Aliases are universal among underground men, but the differences among Willard, Galt and Ray do not seem to end with the names. Their reported ages, weights, appearances, doings, recreations (Galt was an "avid dancer") do not coincide. The officials and fellow inmates who knew Ray at the Missouri prison expressed amazement and disbelief at his having been brought into the case, noting that Ray was not anti-Negro—not interested one way or another in the Negro question—and not a killer-type.

It adds up, so far, to a set of confusions and contradictions. It suggests the authorities might do well to re-examine the file from the beginning, and reopen their minds to all possibilities. Even the automatic assumption of all comment that King was killed by a racist "white man" (in our nation and time, white men are to be presumed guilty until proven innocent, it goes without saying), ought to be reopened. In the light of all the evidence and anti-evidence now strewn across the trail, the possibility of a conspiracy cannot be excluded; begins to seem, indeed, more probable than not. Nor is a band of white racists the only conceivable conspiracy hypothesis. If we apply the old test of *cui bono*?—to whose benefit?—King's assassination benefits most plainly and directly the revolutionary Black Power extremists, who, moreover, make no secret of their fondness for killings. We should not forget, either, that the enemies now fighting us in the field in Southeast Asia have always defined the United States as one front of their war; they, too, have manifestly benefited from the aftermath of the assassination. In the Communist manual of "enlightened terror," the use of an assassination seemingly originating within "the target group" as a technique for embroiling the target group—the enemy—in self-destructive conflict is a well-known, well-tested tactic.

The Dollar: Still Sick

Last week Mr. William McChesney Martin Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, once again chose the darkest colors to paint the portrait of the U.S. economy. He is worried about inflation, federal deficits, and our continuing international payment deficit.

The dollar's illness can now join the weather's foulness as something everyone talks about and no one does anything about. Who indeed is Mr. Martin to waggle his finger at inflation when he, as chairman of the FRB, has financed that very inflation by monetizing the debt—dutifully stuffing the Federal Reserve with government bonds? Mr. Martin is reduced to bewailing the consequences of his own policies. In honesty he should either reform his policies or resign his post. He only underlines the fecklessness of U. S. policy when he seeks to shift the burden to others—this time, the taxpayers.

The Congress could bail Mr. Martin out, if it wished, by putting an end to the deficits that Mr. Martin finds increasingly difficult to finance. There are two ways, and only two, to stop a deficit: raise revenue to meet expenses, or reduce expenses to match revenue. This Congress is no less cowardly than most others; it can be counted on to refuse to raise taxes, or reduce expenditures, to any useful level during an election year.

One wonders what the President is doing. Four months ago he devoted a long and serious message to the problem of the dollar. He spoke to Congress

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This is a page from the April 16 issue of the *National Review* BULLETIN*

Read it. It is typical of the kind of hard-hitting reporting, by M. Stanton Evans and others, which makes the Bulletin so unique and therefore so valuable during this vital election year. To start your copies coming, just use the card facing this page today.

At Home

The Riot Commission chaired by Illinois Gov. Otto Kerner has looked into the problem of racial conflict in our cities and concluded that what we need is a lot more welfare spending by government.

The vehemence with which the Commission made this point brings to mind the aphorisms of two noted political philosophers. According to historian-esthete George Santayana, fanaticism consists in redoubling your efforts when you have forgotten your purpose. According to former Kentucky Gov. A. B. "Happy" Chandler, the enthusiast's response to a burning haystack is to pour on more hay.

Under either definition, the riot report would seem to qualify. Athwart the smoldering handiwork of a generation's welfarist policy, it urges still more welfare. With the acknowledged failure of government intervention spread out before it, it says we must plunge forward with still more intervention. There is no cure for the failures of collectivism, it seems, but to become more collectivist than ever.

We have been told for some time now that poverty causes crime and that the way to stop crime is to lay on the dollars for welfare. Since the mid-1930s, general prosperity in the United States, for every zone of society, has zoomed upwards. Welfare spending has also increased enormously. Now we have more crime and violence than before. FBI figures show crime increasing today at more than seven times the rate of population growth. Whatever else it may or may not have achieved, the welfare spending has been powerless to do what the Kerner Commission says it must.

The roll call of welfare schemes tried and found wanting in this interval has been a long one. It includes aid-to-dependent children, minimum wage laws, public housing programs, "Medicaid," the scandal-ridden war on poverty, school "busing" and urban renewal—to mention only a few. The failure has been so complete that many liberal intellectuals have backed off from the notion that Washington can solve our social problems and have begun looking about for other ways of approach.

Suggesting the scope and nature of this disenchantment are the continuing researches of Daniel P. Moynihan, Director of the Joint Center for Urban Studies at Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Writing in the current issue of the *Public Interest,* Moynihan demonstrates the fallacy of existing aid-to-dependent children programs, the welfare-dependency cycle they create, their baneful effect in spawning fatherless families. He goes on to propose various changes aimed at tightening and modifying ADC laws.

The Riot Commission, while acknowledging some of the problems involved in these programs, is impervious to demonstrations that welfare itself has flopped. It holds steadfast to the idea that poverty causes crime and insists that still other welfare programs be devised to repair the deficiencies of the existing ones. It never pauses to reflect that the problems discussed are the result of welfarism as such, that the difficulty reposes not in some particular detail but in the basic concept.

Thus the Commission talks about unemployment among Negro teen-agers, as it should. But it ignores the statistical evidence that such unemployment is tied to the minimum-wage law which makes it uneconomic for employers to hire unskilled youth. The Commission incorrectly says there are no unskilled job opportunities these days; the truth is that nobody can afford to hire unskilled labor at $1.60 an hour. In the teeth of this incontestable fact, the Commission suggests—a further increase in the minimum wage.

Similarly, the report brushes aside the notion that there is something fundamentally wrong with programs like urban renewal and public housing and urges—with adjustments here and there—still more of both. It does not dwell on data brought forward last fall by Rep. William G. Bray (R., Ind.) showing that Detroit has been hip-deep in welfare and antipoverty programs before the trouble broke out there, or that "since 1960 Detroit . . . had received $100 million in grant reservations for urban renewal." As *Time* put it, "no city has waged a more massive and comprehensive war on poverty." And no city has had a bloodier riot.

Pushing its "poverty" explanation for urban disorder, the Commission runs directly counter to other findings about Detroit, which tell us that the people who took part in the riots were not, in several key departments, more impoverished than non-rioters. If the Commission analysis is correct, the Detroit rioters should have been the economically downtrodden. They were in fact more affluent in many cases than the majority of Detroit Negroes who did not take part in last summer's violence.

According to a survey conducted by the University of Michigan Center for Urban Studies, median income in Detroit's riot area was $6,200 a year. The proportion of those who own or are buying their own homes was 40%. The percentage of households headed by males was 76.7. Education levels of the household heads—45% graduated from high school or beyond—were higher than the average for the city as a whole. There is little to suggest that poverty caused the Detroit riots or that welfarism could have prevented them.

This is only a smattering of the enormous body of evidence on such subjects—evidence available to the Riot Commission but seemingly brushed aside. Rather than recalling the original purpose of welfarism, the Commission simply urges us to redouble our efforts and pour on more hay. If not fanaticism, this is surely folly—folly which could well end up making our urban problems greater than they already are.

M. Stanton Evans

*The Bulletin is the 8-page fortnightly newsletter which appears on alternate weeks when the magazine is not published. Regular rate: $7.00 per year available by subscription only.

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in terms of sacrifice, self-discipline, sound finance. As long as he was a President presumably seeking re-election, it was in his interest not to press a program that 1) is manifestly unpopular and 2) is so unlikely of passage that it must constitute an embarrassment in his record. But the President has announced that he will not run again. Under normal circumstances this should mean that those two merely political objections are removed. The President is free as a bird to advocate whatever ill-tasting medicine he thinks this country needs to cure its various sicknesses. Now, for an instant of time, the most serious monetary problem the world has faced since 1931 can be discussed, above politics, by an American President. The President is silent.

Meanwhile the illness takes its course. The purchasing power of the dollar keeps on declining, and at a much faster rate this year than last. Our international trade has soured. Preliminary figures imply that our international deficit is climbing this year. All the talk of "paper gold" in the international monetary system cannot hide the fact that the U. S. will be required to swallow a stiff dose of deflationary medicine before the "paper gold" is printed —and even that point cannot be reached until some 106 national legislatures have ratified the IMF plans. The price of gold is rising again. The pound is shaking again. Storm signals are visible. For financial managers the byword remains: Caution, caution, caution.

The Fourth Man?

The story, as told by Philippe Thyraud de Vosjoli, formerly of the French Intelligence, is clear, and damning. In the spring of 1962 a high-ranking Soviet KGB officer, who goes under the code name of Martel, defected to the West—to the United States. His revelations showed such intimate knowledge of NATO security matters and of French intelligence that President Kennedy sent a personal courier to Paris with a letter to President de Gaulle to warn him that French intelligence had been penetrated to a very high level and to tell the French they were welcome to debrief Martel. Some little time later General de Rougemont arrived in Washington, talked with Martel, was convinced that he was the genuine thing, not a Soviet double agent, and a team of French interrogators from the SDECE and the DST, the two ranking French intelligence units, arrived in Washington to question Martel. They questioned him for over a year. He told them, among other things, that a) a minister in de Gaulle's cabinet who had achieved near ministerial rank in the cabinet of 1944 was a KGB agent; b) a network under the code name of Sapphire was operating within the SDECE itself, and c) that a new section for collecting scientific information had been, or was being created inside SDECE with the specific mission of spying out U.S. nuclear and other technological advances, eventually in the Soviet interest.

The investigations went on and on—and nothing happened within the French intelligence community. No one was replaced; no one was fired; no one was shifted from a job—nothing. U.S. intelligence began to ask why, and to worry about collaborating with the French. Would information they routinely passed over to their French opposites be as routinely passed on to the Soviet Union? All this time de Vosjoli was in Washington, continuing to work with his opposites in CIA. It was he, incidentally, who set up a pro-Western network in Havana which provided U.S. intelligence with some hard facts on Soviet missiles in Cuba just before the October confrontation.

Shortly thereafter, de Vosjoli was recalled to Paris for consultation. He was told by his superiors he must reveal his Cuban sources (it is SOP in intelligence never to compromise an agent) and he was told, far more alarming to him, that upon his return to Washington he was to organize a clandestine intelligence network in the U.S. for the "specific purpose of collecting information about U.S. military installations and scientific research." The reason, he was told, was because Americans had refused to help France with the *force de frappe*. If France could not afford to develop its own atomic weapons, if the U.S. would refuse to supply France with the technological know-how, then France would steal these secrets.

Vosjoli protested, bucked his protest up to the head of the SDECE and was told orders were orders. He was forced to name his best Cuban agent. The Cuban was arrested some weeks later. When a CIA contact passed him some super-secret Soviet documents (they were the last to be smuggled out by Col. Penkovskiy) and Vosjoli passed them on with instructions that they be carefully and securely handled, he was told, brusquely, that they were "useless"; they were returned to him under no classification at all.

So alarmed was de Vosjoli about these developments that he broke security and told the entire story to French Ambassador Hervé Alphand. Alphand told the Quai D'Orsay. The Quai D'Orsay had never heard of Martel, although Martel had mentioned that certain important members of the French Foreign Service were KGB spies. Still no action. Late in September of 1963, de Vosjoli was told he had two weeks to wind up his affairs and return to France. Convinced that nothing had been done by his superiors on the basis of Martel's evidence; convinced that any U.S. technological secrets French agents would unearth would go to the Soviets; con-

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vinced that there was a traitor at the highest level in or around the Elysée itself—Philippe Thyraud de Vosjoli resigned, ending a 27-year career in French military intelligence.

On the basis of Martel's information, Kim Philby was forced to flee, Gerald Vassall, of the British admiralty, was arrested and imprisoned; Swedish Colonel Stig Wennerstrom was tried and imprisoned; Heize Felfe, head of the Bonn's East German counter-intelligence desk was arrested; an American sergeant in the super-secret National Security Agency committed suicide, just before he was caught. Only one Frenchman, Georges Pacques, was ever brought to the bar.

Vosjoli's conclusion—the only one that seems possible—is that the French superagent is still at large, still in Paris and still inside the closest councils of the Elysée.

Anyone for J. McCarthy?

Exit Powell

Concerning the extraordinary speech of Enoch Powell:

1) He did not recommend the forcible expatriation of England's colored population, merely that a) no more "coloreds"—as they call all minorities—should be let in, and b) that more should be encouraged, presumably by the use of carrot not stick, to move out of England.

2) The outcry from the Labor Party and the leadership of the Conservative Party is a little hypocritical, considering that the Government backed, and the majority of the House ratified, only two months ago a law which abruptly suspended the rights of colored British citizens resident in Kenya to enter Great Britain. The proposal of Mr. Powell was, in fact, merely a logical extension of the policies officially adopted as English law a few weeks ago.

3) The popular support for Powell stresses the new psychic relationship between the ordinary Englishman and the rest of the world, particularly those parts of the world which have in recent years so sharply rejected England, and so sharply despised England's colonial past. England's position is that the Island, relieved of imperial privileges, is justly also relieved of imperial responsibilities; and that unregulated immigration imposes social and economic strains which individual communities ought not to be asked to bear. The Englishmen who defend Powell (the working class presumably) will go on to stress that England's problem is not to be likened to America's: that our Negro population is as much American as our white population, whereas many of the colored who have streamed recently into England speak foreign tongues and have been raised in foreign cultures. And unlike Canada and Australia, England does not need a larger population.

4) On the other hand, it *was* an extraordinary speech. The rhetoric was inflammatory; and unkind. The stress it seemed to place on the necessity for forbidding the relatives of residents to join their families seemed, indeed seems, inhuman, unfeeling. All of which goes to show that the reality, nowadays, is more rhetoric than the facts: the existential truth is the rhetorical message that comes across. It is extraordinary that a man of Mr. Powell's keen intelligence and deep learning should have made such an error. Quite inexplicable.

The New Olympic Rule

Call the office of the Olympic Committee in New York, and ask: "What rule did South Africa break?" A very nice gentleman, after just a little hemming and hawing, will tell you that the rule the South Africans broke is written down in French, and the English translation is very bad; but that he will be glad to render a free translation which is "in the spirit" of the broken rule. Please proceed. "The Fundamental Principles of the Olympic Committee say that no discrimination is permitted in any country on the grounds of race, religion or political principles."

It takes one's breath away. If the Fundamental Principles, thus stated, are applied, there would probably be about four or five competitors at the forthcoming games in Mexico (ironically, the least skilled, for the most part). No, the Olympic Committee must have had it in mind to enforce a rule which ignores domestic politics. Could it be that South Africa's offense lay in her refusal to permit interracial competition at home, with the result that the athletes that were to have represented S. Africa in Mexico were picked by a committee? Unlikely. After all, the team the committee did pick had blacks and

Sunday Telegraph, London — Ben Roth Agency

"All the way with LBJ."

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whites in it, and S. Africa was pledged to permit them to act as a single team, and fraternize together in Mexico. Could it have been in response to black pressure within S. Africa? No, even the *Washington Post*, last February, warned the protesting nations that if they succeeded in driving S. Africa out of the Olympics, they would most greatly disappoint its black population, which is proud of its athletes, and quite reasonably hopes that, by doing well in the Games, it would contribute to a general reconciliation, and the softening of apartheid.

But no. The marginal pressure that forced Avery Brundage to convene the Committee, which rescinded the invitation to S. Africa, was commercial. Mexico was moaning and groaning the potential loss of revenue from forty or fifty boycotting nations. So the Committee gave in, which perhaps teaches us that we should be skeptical of those lofty claims we are always hearing from the high rhetoricians of sport, that association with athletics teaches good sportsmanship in all matters.

The Reporter, R I P

NATIONAL REVIEW has too much respect for the dead to be hypocritical in eulogy. Many a time and oft over the years the editorial position taken by Max Ascoli's *Reporter* has been very different from ours. We can still, for example, recall with distaste its long vendetta against what it called "the China lobby," meaning by that, Free China and the Americans who were opposed to Chinese Communism. But, judged against the prevailing standards of American journalism, Ascoli kept his magazine's standards of intelligence and literacy well up on the list. He came out of an Italian Risorgimento background in the tradition of the older liberalism and nationalism; this kept him from losing his historical sense in the fog of our debased form of liberalism, even though many of the writers he published and most of his readers were liberals. He believes in America and in its role as the world's predominant power; he even seems to like America. Thus in these last years the pages of the *Reporter* have been notable for a firm, historically informed defense of American presence in Southeast Asia against her critics, opponents and enemies, domestic and foreign. The *Reporter*'s unyielding policy on this, the most crucial of issues, brought the magazine and Ascoli personally under the ever-sharpening attack of the unforgiving doves and Vietniks, many of them persons who had long been numbered among his friends and the magazine's readers (Senator Fulbright was the featured speaker at the *Reporter*'s Tenth Anniversary Dinner). Ascoli referred recently, in the magazine, to his "feeling of loneliness"; he believes, plausibly, that his Vietnam stand has been the cause of a big drop in advertising.

So the *Reporter*, in mid-April, announced its death. The funeral arrangements sounded a little odd under the circumstances: a deal with *Harper's*, which gets the subscription list, two special writers, and a regular column by Ascoli himself. One must surely hope that at least some of the readers who have stayed loyal to the *Reporter* through the Vietnam years will not find the liberal stereotypes of *Harper's* an unmixed delight.

Looters Will Be Shot On Sight
(American: archaic)

In 1945, I did some looting.
We called it "liberating" then, of course.
If some civilian talked of prosecuting
We always had the luxury of force.
I own some lovely linen and a rifle.
The latter's lined with silver on the stock.
We looted a Mercedes for a trifle,
Along with half a cellar of Medoc.
What times we had! I savored every hour.
The Hun was on the run, and it was *fun*.
By April, all the Rhineland was in flower
And I was in the army which had won.
Today, the way each youthful looter's treated,
I've learned to sympathize with the defeated.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

Remarks by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, April 9, 1968, Shoreham Hotel, Washington, D.C.

Although I was carefully coached, I neglected to ask what is perhaps the critical question, namely: am I supposed to make a good impression on *you;* or are *you* supposed to make a good impression on me? As a conservative, I suppose that I should adopt the prudent alternative. And in any case, to do so would seem to be congruent with the national posture of the moment: we seek to please. The President of the United States *implores* the President of North Vietnam to accept the earnest of American sincerity. The pastor of an ethically up tight suburban community church *begs* Stokely Carmichael to believe that our intentions are godly. It is thought to be cantankerous to behave otherwise towards our critics; it has been a long long time since William Butler Yeats, upon hearing criticisms of the Lord Mayor of Dublin for not having done anything recently to commend himself to the people of Dublin, asked what had the people of Dublin recently done to commend themselves to the Lord Mayor?

But, of course, when in doubt, try servility. We column writers are, I am led to believe, the original Toms. Murray Kempton recently observed that the Communist

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Worker, on announcing its intentions last January of becoming a daily publication, could get all the favorable publicity it needed merely by announcing that it was in the market for daily columnists. Mr. Kempton, although in some respects he is innocent beyond the imagination of Walt Disney, is as a columnist the noblest of us all. "Columnists," Mr. Kempton reminisced, "have attacked Albert Schweitzer, the Pope in Rome, Mrs. Roosevelt, and even J. Edgar Hoover, but I can think of only one who ever attacked his publisher. That, of course, was Westbrook Pegler, who disappeared.

"A more typical case," Mr. Kempton continues, "is that of Joseph Alsop, a man whose pride towers at least as high as Pegler's ever did. I remember when we trailed into Indianapolis with Eisenhower in 1952 and Joe Alsop said he was going to dinner with Eugene Pulliam, publisher of the *Indianapolis Star.* Now Alsop is a man I would expect to be unable to look at Indianapolis without retiring to his hotel room with the sheets over his face; he has been known to send the Hollandaise sauce back at Maxim's; he would not normally endure twaddle at dinner from Dean Acheson. From what I know of Eugene Pulliam's generosity, he was probably paying Joe $20 a week for the column; from what I know of Pulliam's charm, I would sooner dine with Senator Hruska; I know nothing of his table, which must be unimaginable. Yet Joe Alsop spoke of the prospect of dinner with Pulliam not with alarm but with delight. If Malcolm X had been a columnist he would have Tommed to D. Tennant Bryan of the *Richmond News-Leader.*"

Now of course Mr. Kempton, in order to make his point, is saying a lot of unjust things about some very nice people, for instance Messrs. Pulliam and Hruska; a technique any editor will understand, if not sympathize with.

But it never *has* been all that clear what are the ideal relations between the columnist and the editor. I think of Conrad's notions about the proper relations between the sailor and the sea. The sea, Conrad observes —and he is not lightly dismissed by any philosophers of the sea—is the enemy. But it is the irresistible enemy. The sea is the creature which, at the margin, can drown the sailor. But however tempestuous, however arbitrary, however sullen the sea can be—however much like an editor—the sea maintains its basic integrity: and if the sailor observes the rules, if he maintains his guard; if he propitiates the elements, he is permitted to survive, and the experience is sublime. Imagine the thrill of negotiating successfully a passage across the editorial page of the *New York Post*! I feel a kinship with Sir Francis Chichester. I am certain that, upon approaching the Horn, he asked himself, agonizingly, "What, what is Dolly preparing for me?"

I had a curious experience, which I presume to mention to you only because you are, visibly, on your best behavior. I wrote a syndicated column for eighteen months before meeting a single editor or publisher of any of the newspapers that carried my column. At first I thought this healthy, in a perverse sort of way—a way of proving something about the essential integrity of the whole process. But two unruly thoughts stalked that romantic notion. One was that many of my generous patrons were probably patronizing not me, but the undeniable Harry Elmlark; the other was that, in fact, I was feeling a little lonely. I yearned—I still do —occasionally to begin a column by saying: "Hi! Say, Boston, how do you like Teddy's latest nomination to the federal judiciary? Pretty offputting, no? How's the weather in Boston, by the way? Good for a little weekend rioting? Good morning, Mr. Manchester, and what do you propose to do *now* about the state of New Hampshire? Offer it to the Vietcong as part of a general settlement? Look here, L.A., if you think that by cutting my last three pro-Reagan columns, you are succeeding in telling me something, you are absolutely correct."

But no, the conventions always seem to close in on us, don't they. The same conventions that keep us from telling a man to his face what we are willing—indeed anxious—to say about him when he is gone, and we are writing his obituary or speaking his eulogy. As you can see, I do not know what is, finally, the way in which the columnist and the editor can approach each other to their mutual advantage. I know only that here I am, and there you are, and it would be nice if we managed to touch each other.

I prefer, as you might expect, to ponder the delinquencies of editors, over against the delinquencies of columnists. Perhaps you will understand my yielding to this temptation, purely in human terms. After all, the editor can discharge the unsatisfactory columnist, but the columnist has no way of discharging the unsatisfactory editor—assuming such a creature existed, which—I am assured by Harry Elmlark—is metaphysically impossible. Mr. Howard K. Smith recently resigned from our profession, complaining that editors are irresponsibly attracted to the reporting of irresponsible people. I understand his point of view, in particular in an age that appears to be dominated by the pseudo-event. I remember being in Africa a few years ago and picking up an English-language newspaper whose headline read: AMERICAN NEGROES TO BE DEPORTED TO AFRICA IN 1972.

That, I thought, was certainly a scoop, if ever I saw one. I read on, and the story, datelined Arlington, Virginia, said: "George Lincoln Rockwell, commander of the American Nazi Party, announced today that he expected to win the governorship of Virginia in 1970, and the Presidency in 1972, and that he would instantly undertake to remove all American Negroes to Africa."

That of course is parody, the kind of news story Herblock most easily festoons. But the thought sticks with me that the decision of the editor of that newspaper in Liberia to give such prominence to such a story is not so easily explained as by suggesting that he is an Agent of the Communist Party of Monrovia, or that he was educated in America and was refused admission into Delta Kappa Upsilon at the University of Pennsylvania. What caused that headline, the sensationalism aside, was at least one part a disposition to think ill of America; is related to the general disposition—certainly journalistic, but also, I think, intellectual—to think ill of America. I find that this theme, so evident abroad, is reflected, *mutatis mutandis,* in American journalism.

I grant two contributing factors. One of them is neu-

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rotic. The theologians of yore identified the sin of scrupulosity, that heresy from which people suffer who believe that they are necessarily unclean, and therefore undeserving. The other factor is virtuous, altogether noble, reflecting that simple eternal concern with one's shortcomings which one associates with the dogged discomposure of the saints. But I do believe that some of the featured reactions a fortnight ago to the slaughter of Dr. Martin Luther King reflected the first rather than the second disposition. The Christian idea is the acknowledgment that all of us, those who are dead, those who are alive, and those who are as yet unborn, conspired to make necessary the sacrifices of Christ. But that metaphysical communion in sin which may bind us in our looser complicity with evil, hardly commits us—or does it?—in the murder of Martin Luther King? I found myself, 24 hours after the tragedy of Memphis, Tennessee, debating on the subject of civil rights, before an audience of 6,000, against Mr. Julian Bond—in Nashville, Tennessee.

Mr. Bond, who began the evening's discussion, punctuated his manifesto against America with the heroic trope: "All of this was killed last night at Memphis." By "all of this" he meant—indeed he said that he meant—all that which America has ever claimed for itself. Any pretensions that we have to justice. Any that we have for the rule of law. Any that we have for equality, compassion, mutual esteem; love. The audience cheered him. That young audience thus sought to atone for the crime against Martin Luther King by offering its body prostrate—once again for reasons both pathological and sublime—in expiation. Its own innocent, virginal body, unflexed, to the scourges of Julian Bond. There is a sense in which that was a chivalrous reaction, young and generous. But I do not understand that as an adequate explanation for the more considered reaction of older America.

Time Magazine is able to orchestrate whatever response it desires to project to any American crisis, and the editors choose in the current issue to feature letters which raise doubts about the worthwhileness of the American republic. The lead letter, from California, says: "Martin Luther King was murdered because he was our uncomfortable conscience. I am filled with shame and loathing for our race." The correspondent here betrayed genocidal convictions of the kind Dr. King fought against—never mind. Again: "When statesmen look to give aid to the uncivilized and underdeveloped countries of the world, please let ours be first on their list"—a moving letter from a lady in New Jersey who, perhaps understandably, does not go on to list the countries so manifestly qualified to instruct us in the ways of civilization. . . And a gentleman from Arizona says: "The land of the free and the home of the brave—and probably the only civilized nation on earth where a winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, holding no political office, can be assassinated while serving on his mission"—an objurgation so vastly confused and confusing as to require hours to unravel, recalling the limitations of analysis; the unhappy prospects of any disavowal that would begin patiently with the observation that, for instance, Mr. Pasternak was not even permitted to accept the Nobel Prize, that the subsequent moral assassination of Pasternak was a collective undertaking, coolly executed by a killer-state. But no, the mood is—hate America. That isn't, needless to say, the mood of the majority of the editors of American periodicals: their attitude is not one of complicity with the general Weltschmerz; it is something altogether different, having to do—as I understand it—with a general sense of shared responsibility.

I judge this reaction, even when the intention is to harness it to ends that we approve of, to be philosophically dangerous. Blood-guilt is the matrix of genocide. I asked the audience of six thousand people at Vanderbilt University whether they were representative of America. Were there rich men in the audience? Poor men? Old, young? Southerners, Easterners, Westerners, Midwesterners? Catholic? Protestant, Jewish? College graduates? High school drop-outs? Yes - yes - yes - yes. All right then, raise your hands, those of you who consider yourselves implicated in the assassination of Martin Luther King?

"I am filled with shame and loathing for my race," says the featured correspondent of *Time* Magazine. Why? There, at Nashville, not one person could be got to profess satisfaction from the great perversion at Memphis. Who is it that we Americans are so busily engaged in blaming? Not—when you come down to asking individuals about it—when you pose the question directly to 6,000 members of the community at Nashville, Tennessee—not them; not, one may be sure, the editors of *Time* Magazine—they are surely blameless. It is always—those other people—those people whose ranks yield forth the John Wilkes Booths and the Lee Harvey Oswalds, those few who roam about the country, seeking the destruction not only of individual souls, but of the soul of America.

Me, I say this: that more significant by far than the ghastly executions of John Kennedy and Martin Luther King, acts committed by isolatable and isolated men—more significant by far is the spontaneous, universal grief of a community which in fact considers itself aggrieved. That is the salient datum in America, not that we bred the aberrant executioners of John Kennedy and Martin Luther King, but that we bred the most widely shared, and the most intensely felt sense of grief: such grief over the loss of Mr. Kennedy and Mr. King as is felt over the loss of friends.

That is what I judge to be the newsworthy datum; a point I stress not because I feel the need to flatter the United States of America, but because I feel the need to reassure the United States of America which is the land where I was born and choose to live, which is the land where you were born and choose to live; which land, I feel increasingly, needs us all as her devoted bodyguards, even as Messrs. Kennedy and King needed more bodyguards than they had, at the crucial moments in *their* histories. She needs us, however quarrelsome; however disparate our views; however pronounced our separations. I feel that we should be grateful, whatever our differences, to be facing the sea—this sea; this enemy—in this bark. I do believe that the time is overdue to profess our continuing faith in this country and in its institutions—including its press.

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Anti-Americans Abroad

THE VIEW FROM BRITAIN

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The American political scene, according to a British television documentary, is divided between "the moderate Democrats and the Republicans, who are more extreme." The commentator, in other words, took it for granted that the normal standpoint, his own and that of all the viewers, lay to the left of both American parties.

I made a note of this remark because it captures so neatly, not to say naively, the prevailing tone of British comment on American affairs. With the election season beginning, non-liberals had better brace themselves. The election will be given flatteringly ample coverage in the British press and on television—and the amount of flagrant bias will be no less ample. All in one direction of course.

There is scarcely a British newspaper correspondent stationed in Washington whose own sympathies are not liberal Democrat. Inevitably, they talk far more to liberals than to conservatives, and this is reflected in their reporting, however much they may try for balance (and some of them don't try very hard). Goldwater's nomination in '64 hit them and the British newspaper readers who rely on them like a thunderbolt from a clear sky; until then, they had ignored or discounted all the signs of a conservative revival. Their treatment of Goldwater during the campaign was even more savage and blinkered than the bias shown by so many American commentators. Afterwards one or two of them had the grace to be a little ashamed.

In reporting any conflict between liberals and conservatives in America, the British press and television commentators make no secret of which side they're on. During the New York mayoral election, there was a half-hour television program devoted entirely to following Lindsay around; the other candidates weren't seen at all. When Reagan became governor of California, David Frost began his television show by saying, "The news from America is depressing," and his carefully picked audience obediently concurred. In an earlier news analysis program Reagan's reply to charges of extremism was accompanied by a film of the American Nazi Party and followed by an interview with George Lincoln Rockwell. The present editor of the London *Times,* then deputy editor of the *Sunday Times,* wrote bitterly that California seemed to be going "to hell and Ronald Reagan." More recently, an editorial column in the *Times* spoke of "the heartening rejection of Shirley Temple Black."

Laying the Groundwork

Louis Heren, the *Times* Washington correspondent, who won a special award for his coverage of American affairs, is already making sure that his readers get the proper slant on this year's election. He has warned them about "the so-called conservatives who are prepared to combine with the racists to achieve victory for unregulated capitalism and the return of all their yesterdays. It is willful irresponsibility of the worst kind, but the men who tried to turn back the clock in 1964 by nominating Goldwater, still largely control the Republican Party."

The *Times* and the *Sunday Times* (which has taken a great lurch leftwards since Lord Thomson acquired it) survey the whole field of American policies from a similar point of view. The *Sunday Times,* for example, published a vicious exposé of the CIA's part in overthrowing Cheddi Jagan—because, as the article put it, "he seemed a trifle left-wing." "As coups go," the article continued, "it was not expensive: over five years the CIA paid out something over £250,000. For the colony, British Guiana, the result was about 170 dead, untold hundreds wounded, roughly £10 million worth of damage to the economy and a legacy of racial bitterness." There was no mention of the probable cost if Jagan had not been ousted.

Over Vietnam the London *Times* coos even more dovishly than the *New York Times.* A recent editorial expressed the hope that America might come to see the war "not as it was first conceived, as holding a dyke against Chinese or any other Communist expansion, but now, much more, as a barrier to all kinds of fruitful change." According to the *Evening Standard,* "Senator Eugene McCarthy is being looked to in hope as one of the few really sane voices in Washington on the Vietnam issue."

Support for America over Vietnam, as over the Cuban confrontation, comes more from the popular, than from the "quality," press. British intellectuals are inclined to link hands and hearts, some with American academic liberals, others with the New Left and London's considerable colony of American dissenters and draft-dodgers.

The attitude of one group of intellectuals, the high priests of contemporary drama, whose views are religiously reflected in the arts sections of the newspapers, was epitomized by that notorious production, *US,* which has just now appeared as a film—called *Tell Me Lies* and made with American money. The original title was deliberately ambiguous, meaning either "United States" or "us." Over the stage hung a huge dummy covered in American symbols, with a rocket projecting from its groin and a colored child in each of its eye-sockets. The action began with a Buddhist monk burning himself to death, and ended with a box-ful of butterflies released to flutter into the audience—but one of them was caught and put into the flame of a petrol lighter.

In the first half a hotch-potch of *avant garde* theatrical tricks—mime, masks, electronic sound-tracks, jazz, antiwar poems, the reconstruction of reported incidents—was used to form a grossly distorted picture of Vietnamese history and the nature of the war. All the atrocities were perpetrated by Americans on the innocent Vietnamese; there was no suggestion that the Vietcong might occasionally behave a little naughtily, too.

The second half consisted of a discussion, not, of course, between somebody who supported America's position and somebody who opposed it, but between two left-wingers. One was about to burn himself to death.

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Buddhist-style, as a gesture of protest: the other, a girl, argued that this sort of gesture was futile, and that it was better to wave banners outside the American Embassy. From such cool reasonableness, she gradually worked herself up into a state of hysterical emotion, shrieking that, since there was so much suffering in Vietnam, she wished the napalm bombs could fall on Britain, too.

The audience then had to shuffle out while the entire cast stood mute and menacing on the stage, daring anyone to disagree or be complacent.

Since Britain is still a comparatively free country (there are no pro-American protest plays in Moscow, Peking or Hanoi), people are entitled to produce such stuff if they want to, and other people are entitled to pay to see it. But the shocking thing about *US* is that it was produced by the Royal Shakespeare Company, which enjoys a huge state subsidy. And almost the only disparaging voice came from Kenneth Tynan, Literary Director of the National Theater, which is also heavily subsidized with taxpayers' money. *US*, he thought, wasn't nearly anti-American enough, and he promised that the National Theater would soon be putting on a play called *Cuba*.

The British Broadcasting Corporation is even more directly a public body, living on license money which everybody who owns a television or radio set has to pay. It publishes a weekly magazine called the *Listener*, which reprints broadcast talks but also, under an editor recently arrived from the far-left *New Statesman*, originates material of a predictably leftish kind. Its last issue of 1967 had a dashing picture of Che Guevera on the front page and an accompanying article called "Man of the Year?"

A few weeks later, the *Listener* reprinted a talk called "The American Right" by Michael Rogin, Assistant Professor of Political Science at Berkeley (where else?) and Fulbright Professor at the University of Sussex (the most swinging of the new mushroom crop of British universities). "To win national power," declared Professor Rogin, "the Right" (which he equated with fascism) "must find a leader who can contain cruelty and rebelliousness behind a mask. The fortunes of Joseph McCarthy, Richard Nixon, Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan have turned decisively on their approximation to Dorian Gray."

I wait—in vain, I fear—for any comparable talk which would rip the mask from the ADA to reveal the cruelty and rebelliousness within. American right-wingers are rarely, if ever, heard on British radio or seen on British television. Gore Vidal, James Forman, Stanley Kramer, James Baldwin, Dick Gregory, on the other hand—these and their like are familiar figures: and they are always treated with the utmost deference, as champions of all that is good and fair.

The Reith Lectures are supposed to be the BBC's annual intellectual high-spot. In introducing this year's lecturer (the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, a militant atheist, who said that scientists should exercise more political and social control, that the family unit should be abolished, that all moral principles were subjective and that no one should hold a teaching post after the age of forty-five or an administrative post after fifty-five), the BBC's other magazine, *Radio Times*, boasted: "Reith lecturers have been a very distinguished body: among them Bertrand Russell, Arnold Toynbee, Robert Oppenheimer, George F. Kennan and Kenneth Galbraith." Which just about sums it up.

No More Iron Curtain?

Galbraith is a great favorite. Delivering the inaugural address to the new Institute of United States Studies at London University, he said that liberal intellectuals—whom he described as "the modernizing influences in American life"—were firmly and energetically united on the subject of Vietnam, besides being generally in favor of an "amiable and pragmatic" attitude towards Communism abroad, and a welfare state at home.

Nobody who relied for his understanding of American affairs on speakers like these, or even on the British press and television as a whole, could readily guess that there might be, for example, a rational argument against Medicare or against the dictates of the Supreme Court or in favor of not recognizing Red China. (The BBC news department has forbidden the words "Red China" on the grounds that it is "an Americanism," and "Iron Curtain" on the grounds that the Iron Curtain "no longer exists.") The Americans whom the BBC invites to explain and defend their country's policy almost invariably apologize for the non-recognition of China as being either a mistake or, at best, a historical aberration rendered temporarily unavoidable by unsophisticated public opinion. The London correspondent of the *Washington Post*, who frequently appears on television to represent the American point of view, has recently written a furious letter to the *Sunday Times* opposing the war in Vietnam.

It must be having some effect, this steady bias in which overt anti-Americanism (such as the pop-music program on television in which the song, "Green Berets," was accompanied ironically by pictures showing Vietnamese refugees and villages blasted with napalm) is ostensibly

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balanced by Americans who are themselves, in a sense, anti-American or, at least, thoroughly alienated from what most Americans would consider the American point of view.

The anti-Americanism is, to some extent, inevitable, deriving partly from the fact that the British political spectrum really does lie several points to the left of the American spectrum, partly from the congenital leftishness of the people who work in newspapers and television, and partly from the historical jealousy which American power and wealth today, like British power and wealth in the nineteenth century, provoke. But the over-all bias is also, to a considerable extent, America's own fault.

The liberal intellectuals have simply not been matched by equally articulate and determined champions of traditional Americanism. The American Establishment, in particular, has sold the pass; it doesn't properly defend its own positions. On the key question of Vietnam, for example, the United States Government continually, and quite unnecessarily, presents a case which is not intellectually tenable. There are very good reasons for trying to check the Communist flood in Southeast Asia, but enabling South Vietnamese peasants to hold elections is patently not one of them. If Communism is so relatively harmless a thing that America would stand by and allow 51 per cent of the South Vietnamese population to impose it on the other 49 per cent even in a free election, then indeed the blood and suffering would not have been worthwhile.

Nor is it only in matters of foreign policy where the work of America's enemies is aided and abetted by her own most articulate and best-publicized citizens. In movies and television series, in books and articles, the picture which America transmits of herself has changed. The old values have largely been replaced—or so it seems from across the Atlantic—by a relentless self-destructive carping. Only in a few simple Westerns and thrillers and unpretentious comedy shows can we, America's friends, still catch an echo of what we most loved and admired about her. I sigh for the lost innocence of Andy Hardy.

EUROPE UNITED —AGAINST U.S.

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

The common denominator of all European policies, and their only unifying factor, is anti-Americanism. Also, it is the only emotional element in Europe's political posture that, in every other respect, has recovered the pragmatic, cynical stance of better days. Nationalism, as motor of political action, has disappeared in Europe (for, even in Paris, it serves as more of an excuse than a motive for de Gaulle's Napoleonic ventures). The perverse itch for dictatorship that only a generation ago plagued, in one color or another, Europe's sophisticated intelligentsia, is barely remembered on the Continent. On the contrary, the stylish *Weltanschauung* on the campuses has become a sexualized version of good old anarchism. The European of today would be, politically, a vegetable—were it not for anti-Americanism. It alone, and nothing else, lends Europe's eviscerated political appetites a certain animal force and an appearance of direction.

At this point, I feel dutifully reminded of the intelligent writer's injunction against "generalizations"; and so I dutifully add that, of course, even today not all Europeans are anti-American. Judging by the Europeans I meet (and over the last few years I have met thousands of them), I have to admit that about five in a hundred confess to a faint weakness for America. Sure, it is a bit condescending, that weakness, a head-shaking and remorseful weakness of the sort that well-educated gentlemen retain, rather nostalgically, for the errors and failures of uncouth youth. There are a few Europeans around who do not actually curse the United States. But these are few.

The unequivocal, articulate and overwhelming majority of countable and conspicuous Europeans seems determined to see the United States as the sick man of contemporary civilization and to blame it for all of mankind's woes. True, there are some Americans who share this harsh judgment—with, however, one important difference: no American could possibly enjoy America's "ultimate failure" as much as most Europeans enjoy it, not even secretly. It is as if all Europe's reservations and objections against the New World, all its envy and snob-horror *vis-à-vis* the gaudy upstart, now that he is in unlimited trouble, had finally and violently erupted.

The most visible eruptions, those impudent student demonstrators who as a matter of routine burn the American flag and hang America's President in effigy, are by no means the essence or even the most unrestricted symptoms of European anti-Americanism. These unleashed European students are, much more than their American colleagues, conscious believers in Che's guerrillas and Mao's Cultural Revolution; their anti-Americanism is at least a rationally accountable and politically useful consequence of a self-respecting political attitude. But European opponents of Mao's whirling dervishes are fundamentally just as anti-American, and in their case the emotion is neither rationally accountable nor politically useful. Consequently, it is much the more dangerous.

A Feminine Contempt

Though it transcends rationality, Europe's anti-Americanism quite easily yields to a rational analysis. It is, fundamentally, a woman's passionate contempt for a lover who proves himself not only inadequate but cowardly to boot. Europe has got used, over the last several generations, to a lot of American inadequacies, gaucheries and stupidities, but it never had an opportunity to reproach America for a lack of guts —until Vietnam. Until that moment, all of Europe's manifold reservations against America were in the end, every time, overpowered by Europe's respectful delight in America's sheer force. But when the world's most powerful nation seemed unable to lick a wretched fifth-rate guerrilla force, Europe began to look at America with scornful contempt. Even more—and even worse: deplorable though it may be in society as in nature, the weak not only despise the strong when the strong gets beaten, but the sight of wounds also whets

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the aggressive appetites of the weak. This is precisely what is happening in Europe.

Of course, one tries as hard as one can to explain America's questionable performance in Vietnam to Europeans (though frankly, I cannot understand it myself). But lack of intelligence is not a European shortcoming, and consequently all American efforts at self-interpretation are of no avail. All that the Europeans know and are willing to accept are the tremendous naked facts: the total military machinery of the United States cannot lick the Vietcong. Never mind the ornaments, the accessories, the delicacies of the situation! What matters, and matters alone, is the fact that the U.S. Army, plus the Navy, plus the Air Force, has not shown it can win in Vietnam.

Reappraising German Policy

So there begins, as yet on a purely rational level, a cautious reappraisal of existing alliances and defense concepts, for instance in Germany. Since 1948 the very concept of a sovereign German government has been based on American military protection; therefore America had no more reliable ally in Europe than Germany. But what is a German government to do, once it is demonstrated that the United States is having trouble protecting even South Vietnam? Can any responsible German statesman continue to base his policies on American military protection, particularly after President Johnson's decision to suspend the bombing?

What makes matters even worse is that American military efforts in Vietnam are hampered by a cautious concern for possible Soviet reactions. If this is so, if as the United States argues it cannot risk a showdown with the Soviet Union in Southeast Asia, how could anyone in Germany believe that the United States would ever risk such a showdown in Europe, where the Soviets have interests which are a hundred times more immediate and military means which are a thousand times more effective?

In short, the more the Germans are willing to believe the American explanations, the more must they be prepared to reappraise their policies. For, if the Americans in Vietnam were simply having bad military luck —were being out-maneuvered by smarter soldiers—America's military leadership and military luck could change in Europe. But all, absolutely all, is lost for Germany if America's collapse in Southeast Asia is indeed a consequence of her over-all "considerations" *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union (or even wretched Red China). For this would establish beyond a doubt that the United States is not willing to risk a confrontation with the Soviet Union in Europe.

And there goes America's alliance with Germany. (There also, to be sure, goes Germany.) Any rational American who puts himself in the situation of a German statesman would arrive at the same conclusion: if the U.S. would rather get licked in Vietnam than face a possible confrontation with the Soviets, the U.S. would rather withdraw from Germany than face a confrontation with the Soviets in Europe. Therefore the Germans must rethink a policy based on the presumption of American military reliability in the defense of Europe.

True, you and I know that no other policies are conceivable for a sovereign German government. But no German can be sure. Every German, if only in a desperate attempt to enhance his chances for survival, must of course feel tempted to chase some illusion or other—now the dream of a deal with the Soviets, now the dream of an alliance with a militarily emasculated France, now the dream of a neutralized confederation with East Germany. Every German to the extent that he knows that these dreams are neither desirable nor realizable, will hate the United States for compelling him to dream them.

So far, we have considered reactions to America's bankruptcy on the rational level. Such reactions quickly develop into chain-reactions that reach deep into the emotional subconsciousness. Ever since 1945 the rational European affinity with American national policies has been the one and only dam controlling the wild waves of Europe's anti-American subconscious. When this dam breaks, emotional anarchy ensues.

Envy on the Rampage

For twenty years, America's power, intelligently deployed, was a counterbalance to Europe's emotional underworld. But when this American posture of power began to collapse, all the dark urges of envy broke loose. If questioned about the consequences of anti-Americanism for himself and his nation's liberty, any intelligent European will honestly admit his fears, only to add mournfully: "So why don't you help me—why don't you win in Vietnam?"

There arises, in the face of Europe's emotional behavior, the question whether America would not be morally entitled to withdraw from Europe altogether. For, indeed, what kind of relations are these that can be made tolerable only by a constant display of overwhelming American prowess? The answer, it seems to me, is inescapable: the only, but nevertheless compelling, reason not to withdraw from Europe is America's national interest. The moment Europe is left to the Soviets, the United States would become, not Fortress America, but an indefensible oasis in a worldwide Communist desert.

For this one and only reason, Americans will have to go on living with European anti-Americanism. America, one of the three nations which at any cost desire to be loved by the whole world (the other two being Germany and Israel), will find it exasperating but not intolerable. The only way to handle the neurotically disturbed is to treat them as if they were rationally competent. But, above all, one has to behave rationally oneself. As long as America is afraid of its own power and does not win in Vietnam, America does not act rationally. Europe's anti-Americanism, I am afraid, is not one iota more insane than America's current obsession: that "we must not win."

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Empire and Emperor

Mexico, D.F.—Mexico's colossal Museum of Anthropology covers, the official guidebook says, eleven and a half acres of ground in the middle of Chapultepec—that is, Grasshopper—Park. On the Saturday before Easter visitors swarmed by the thousands through its thick glass doors into the gigantic cubes where the exhibits are regimented. There were foreigners, but they were mostly Mexicans of all kinds and ages.

Burnham

This extraordinary museum is not, except incidentally, a "tourist attraction." It is first and primarily a Mexican monument addressed to Mexicans. What it seeks to communicate to Mexicans, implicit in the organization and description of the exhibits—the latter in Spanish only—and implicitly recognized in the guidebook, is "a consciousness of the continuity of the Mexican nation." The powerful, integrating will of contemporary Mexican nationalism is trying to direct into a single stream the cultural and political currents that during the past six thousand years have appeared within what are now the geographical boundaries of the Mexican state.

It would be an impressive tour de force, to unite into a felt synthesis Western, Christian civilization in the intense Spanish mode with the older past of Aztec, Toltec and Maya blood-sacrificing pyramid builders, the more primitive Indian tribal cultures and the modern, modernizing secular state committed to equality and material progress. Still, in this Museum as in the huge, boring propaganda-poster murals of Rivera, Orozco, Siqueiros & Co., the objective is being ardently pursued, with the usual exaggeration, distortion, invention and lies added to the over-awing display of artifacts and dates. (Unlettered visitors must often leave with the impression that it was the Spanish, not the Aztec priests who cut out living hearts for their gods to feast on.)

Domestically, a strong nationalism with its companion patriotism is an integrating force, drawing the citizens together into the group. Musing on the signs, symbols and tendencies of Mexico's presently thriving nationalism, I found myself thinking in contrast of the news of the week past from my own country: of the riots, shootings, burnings and dissents that witnessed the growing ascendancy of an impulse the direct opposite of the Mexican—a centrifugal, disintegrative impulse under the influence of which the nation seems to be dissolving.

Problems of Dissolution

In our doctrine there have been from the beginning the rational seeds of disintegration: the atomizing conviction of utilitarianism and liberalism that the good economy and good polity may be best achieved through man's seeking his own happiness and interest, and the later development of this conviction into the concept of a "pluralistic society" made up of diverse groups each pursuing its own interests in its own way. But in the past the potentially dividing effect has been counterbalanced, in a fruitful dialectic, by common traits, beliefs and values shared by most of the population and by a powerful national and patriotic sentiment, binding all citizens, which set prudent limits, in spite of the abstract implications of doctrine, to dissent and divergence. Today that unifying sentiment is faint or altogether absent in many; many individuals and many groups, pursuing their interests as they have been taught is right and proper to do, no longer find any coincidence between them and the interests or needs of the nation.

In the longer pattern of history this change is not without precedent. It comes sometimes merely with aging, but in our case seems closer to what usually, perhaps always, happens in the transition from nation-state to empire. Intense parochial sentiments of nationalism and patriotism are incompatible with the imperial role. The imperial state, intervening continually in the affairs of its world which is now all the world, compelled to intervene by the fact of predominant power, must accept all races, colors, creeds, all gods, in its pantheon, and must learn how to deal with all manner of men in their own regions.

Axioms of Empire

But when the earlier nationalism and patriotism weaken, there must be substitutes if the state is not to fall apart. Our nation is developing into an imperial state without yet having found substitutes, without even seeing clearly that they are needed. An emperor, perhaps? The Caesarist transformation of our Presidential office over the past generation is unmistakable; and let us remember that Augustus was only a senator among senators. An emperor, preferably divine, is a partial substitute, but still more important are an imperial administrative and legal system, a moral attitude suitable to the conduct of imperial policy and a sense, at least in the elite, of an imperial destiny.

An imperial system is inevitably bureaucratic; to work, it must be reasonably competent and objective: to be reasonably competent and objective, it must be administered by able men motivated (patriotic enthusiasm having weakened) by a reasoned sense of public duty—by men with a moral outlook like that of Roman Stoicism. In this country we have begun to form a corps of men of this sort, some of them career civil servants, others higher-level businessmen and professionals who serve their time in crucial governmental posts. But it is peculiarly the task of the intellectuals to express the moral outlook that can sustain a sense of public duty and imperial destiny. It does not seem likely that we can make do with Norman Mailer as Epictetus, Allen Ginsberg as Virgil and the Rev. Coffin for Propounder of the Law.

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The Open Question–I

A Nervous View of Ronald Reagan

HUGH KENNER

There's "A Relaxing View of Ronald Reagan" (*NR*, November 28, 1967), and there are the sundry bellybutton views which the Relaxing Viewer commenced by canvassing, and there's my own, the Nervous View, to which I feel entitled by domicile in the governor's zamindary: much as elk are entitled to a nervous view when the conservationist unfolds his ecological charts. Lest suspicion fasten on my membership in a sub-group (the academic) which is demonstrably hypersensitive, I hasten to record agreement with two pertinent Relaxing premises: 1) that Ronald Reagan did not "fire Clark Kerr"; 2) that the state's commitment to support of higher education entails some proportioning of the state's total resources.

Teaching v. Research

By which point I've Relaxed right along for 2,000 words, when suddenly we bang up against the famous remark that the State of California has no business "subsidizing intellectual curiosity," of which the Relaxing view is that he expressed himself less than well. He meant to say "frivolity." Which may be; but the key word seems not to be "curiosity," or whatever the Governor may have meant to say at that point. The key word is "subsidizing"; for whatever RR's opinion of research, whether he counts only some of it frivolous, or none of it, or even all of it, when you consider parallel remarks (RR on "Firing Line" conceding UC's eminence in research but not in undergraduate instruction; the source close to RR that snorted about Nobel Prize-winners not teaching anybody), you find that their thrust is uniformly against people Researching when they're hired to Teach. We are to count that dollar squandered that is not spent on instruction, instruction being envisaged as a funnel with a bottle of Eternal Verities being dumped in one end, and an open undergraduate mouth under the other.

A Thumb in the Dike

But it is meaningless to talk of instruction divorced from research, research being the intent investigation of what surrounds us now. Anybody who is teaching Aristotle today is teaching Aristotle in the world of Sartre, and it is useless for him to pass on lecture notes gleaned at the feet of a predecessor who apprehended Aristotle in the world of William James. If he is to be of any use to young minds in 1968 he must on his own re-examine Aristotle, and that is Research. The Nobel Prize-winners teach graduate students, or teach those who teach them, and that gives the next academic generation a head start. And so on. But the people to whom RR shrewdly appeals presuppose a decoction of Essential Aristotle, stored somewhere in a keg, for administering amid cost accounting to x students in y hours at a cost of $\$z$ per student: like a lengthening lineup for polio vaccine, the cost per head steadily dropping—except for that frivolous research. . . .

Ah but, comes the Relaxing purr, what of van den Haag's Reduction? For "as Professor Ernest van den Haag of New York University tartly pointed out a few years ago, isn't it a fact that the figures show that professors will earn more money than plumbers and taxi drivers, and that therefore to tax plumbers and taxi drivers to subsidize the education of professors is a form of regressive taxation . . .?" Humbug. For *if* the taxi drivers did not subsidize the professors, who thanks to their higher earnings not only pay disproportionately higher taxes—ah, there, Progressive Income Tax, right-wing bogeyman except in case of rhetorical need!—but also make possible college graduates who also, and in much greater numbers, pay higher taxes, why then the taxi drivers would either a) be more heavily taxed themselves or b) live in a more crudely structured society, deprived of such benefits, engendered by college graduates, as the TV that brings their Danny Thomas and the cans, of sophisticated metallurgy, that bring their beer.

And if, by Relaxing statistics, enrollment in California state colleges is up 397 per cent whereas operating costs are up only 260 per cent, we may conclude that 1) the educational establishment, grossly inefficient as it admittedly is, has reversed Parkinson's Law; 2) that the disproportion of enrollment gain to population gain reflects not only the imbalance of age-groups in the state but also the determination of each medium-affluent Californian that Johnny, his Johnny, shall have College. Which (enshrined in the State Master Plan for Higher Education) is not the Professor's Dream but rather the Professor's Problem. Or Nightmare. The enrollment increases are dictated by population-age-group profiles, not by academic whim. When, on receipt of the Budget Cuts, Clark Kerr froze enrollments, he did the only responsible thing, since budget dictated the supply of buckets for bearing away the impending sea, and he had at least at his temporary disposal a thumb for the dike. And the folks whose pressure augments the enrollment annually are the ones who holler about the costs of servicing it.

Setting the Style

RR chose to represent the freeze as an instance of Clark Kerr's demagoguery, which brings us to RR's style: a cynic would say, to his probity.

The style is a (carefully projected) hey-fellers sincerity, the kind that looks at the moon and says "There's the moon," and defies serried and embattled Schlesingerism, nay, Zeus and Thersites, to complicate the matter further than that. He *must* be straight, you can see the hammer colliding with the nail-head.

Equip such a man with a supply of phantom nails, allow him to direct your attention only to the nail, genuine or chimerical, that he is striking at the moment, refrain under his spell from inquiring whether what is

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under construction is not, say, a welded steel ship, and marvel at his directness.

But then a whiff of such phenomena as RR before television cameras at the airport, just back from that famous Regents' meeting, denying any knowledge of whether Clark Kerr was still president or not, and you scent the familiar stables where politicians hang their pitchforks and the Ajax Knight's charger sires wheelhorses.

Or take the Relaxing quotation: "The faculties are most responsible for that" (i.e. for student protests against tuition). Baloney, but an adroit slicing of the baloney, since it furthers RR's gutty projection, for the split-level voter, of wild eggheads against whose depredations the six-shooter stays oiled and cocked. Faculty elements have taken an obsessive interest in the matter, granted. Some are born agitators. Some (like myself) have children, the cost of whose education concerns them. But the student interest in the tuition issue is fomented—I speak from the eye of the hurricane—by students: specifically, by grad students, and by seniors, two groups that tend not to enjoy parental support and traditionally live on peanut butter.

Though of course it's hopeless to generalize. At Berkeley, where the campus, through bad or no city planning, is continuous with the circumambient bohemiadom, the students, the non-students and the quasi-students are quite indistinguishable, especially when they're doing what the world has learned to think of as the Berkeley Thing. Meanwhile RR has no objection if a public quite properly fed up with the Thing supports tuition as a fine on an unruly class. Or if it mutters, "I struggled for what I got, you will struggle for what you get," a principle which strictly interpreted would require each generation to invent the wheel and lay the sewer-pipes all over again.

No objection at all; for RR is less a bold new voice than the astute incarnation of a class, numerically dominant in California, that has acquired its color TV and its outboard motor and now wants things to stay just as they are; but which at the same time wants to be surrounded by the amenities of the State—mental health clinics, public education—welcomes the escalation of those amenities; and declines to pay for them. We find, in short, a new attitude to state services. They are as normal as the sea and the mountains, but they ought to be cheaper.

RR Wrestles the Regents

In the days when FDR et al. were cobbling together the Addams house of welfarism, a large class x was benefiting and a smaller class y was paying. That was not only how it was represented (to get the votes of class x) but in a determining degree how it was. But we now approach nearly classless affluence, which *both* receives *and* pays. And hates paying. It wants colleges and psychiatric clinics and care for its aged parents. It is taxed to death—more so, via the immense local property taxes, than any other group in the country—and cannot consider private care for granpa. And the public dittos get costlier and costlier. Hence frustration to the point of irrationality. Enter RR, stage right.

RR does not alleviate the problems

of this group, from which he draws his vast support. Nor does he cynically play it: he is part of it, not in situation but in certain essential attitudes. What he offers is psychodrama.

Take the handling of Medical. Cuts are announced. The taxpayer sighs with relief. A court holds that the cuts are unconstitutional, i.e. in violation of the state's contract with its taxpayers. RR snarls about judicial malfeasance. Everyone cheers. He announces intent to appeal. He puts the providers of the disputed services on notice that they may never get paid. Now: regardless of the outcome of the appeal, this maneuver has the value of providing RR's constituents with a scapegoat to which their frustrations are transferred: i.e. the doctors, who, and not the demanders of the services, become the villains.

Or take the famous UC budget. Enrollments were—are—inflexibly rising, a result not of the educational establishment's machinations but of the State Master Plan for Higher Education, which designates a set percentage of high school graduates annually as entitled to state education, and then allocates them, by their grades, to city colleges, state colleges, and UC. Enrollments can consequently be predicted with such accuracy that at Santa Barbara this fall the registrar erred by one (1) student! Faculty expansion can therefore be closely geared to next fall's needs. The funds for expansion aren't granted by the legislature till late spring, but the rhythm of the academic year is such that recruitment must be carried out in the late fall, culminating at the various professional meetings in December. So, typically, a large slice of the expected increase that has been earmarked for faculty expansion is committed in December even though the legislature hasn't actually authorized it. Normal procedure for years.

Then comes the "no-increase-but-rather-a-10-per-cent-slash" rhetoric. So all recruitment is suspended. Come hurried hassles between RR and Regents. Eventually an increase is achieved, and the students will be *serviced,* but the negotiations of fall '66 having been broken off, new scouting is entailed for young men and women who for one reason or another haven't already signed contracts elsewhere. Which, by narrowing the choice, is likely to reduce the percentage of new appointees the system will later see fit to retain. And the student-staff ratio inches upward, and every appointment that will in two or three years be reconsidered means fixed costs (paperwork, moving expenses) down the drain. Over all, then, diluted standards and higher costs, though the costs won't show just yet. And of course the raid on the Regents' reserve can't be repeated;

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that sock is nearly empty.

A phony economy, then, but what a catharsis! The gawdam educators have been served notice, and the Regents have been brought to heel, and if department chairmen and tenure staff members, who handle recruiting, are frustrated and demoralized, who cares?

The basis of RR's admittedly broad and even fanatical support would seem to be his skill in projecting the voters' frustrations onto professional groups whose presence in the state in such numbers is attributable to the voters' demand for their ministrations in the first place. What is precisely *not* examined is the postulated desirability of expanding, say, the educational establishment; *that* must be taken for granted, because to limit the system would be to alienate the parents of the excluded Johnnys and Marys. But you can go through cathartic motions, and attract the irrelevant lightning of, e.g., rage at Home Ec. courses (which will be needed so long as the state needs teachers to accredit for the high school Home Ec. offerings). Never mind evaluating the need for high school Home Ec. That's a local matter. Holler about college extravagance (which takes state taxes). Keep attention on the nail you're hammering right now, that's the principle.

And against the contingency that voters in local elections, reacting (as they have been) in frustration against the one tax area they have any direct control over, will by their habit of turning down junior college construction bond issues curb junior college expansion just when the junior colleges are hit by a wave of folk for whom your higher fees are making the state system too expensive, why—relax. Merely refrain from vetoing Senate Bill No. 691, which deprives the voter of this means of expression. As RR very shrewdly did refrain; and in two years junior college districts will be free to levy special taxes to pay for construction programs, without submission to voters. By which time, who's going to remember to blame the Governor? Junior colleges offer Instruction, by golly, not Research, and they don't even take state funds.

But really, does RR, sustained by voter enthusiasm, comprehend all this with such Machiavellian clarity? Very likely not; nor does he seem to have gasped at the disparity between The Speech, which iterated the need for public control over public expenses, and the 1967 School Aid Bill to which he affixed his signature, thereby eliminating, as of 1970, those tax rate ceilings for elementary and high school districts which up to now could only be elevated by approval of the voters at special elections. For that's not the nail he's hammering, and up there with his hammer he knows he's pleasing the public, and this realization helps him to sustain his illusion of trenchant accomplishment.

Pat Brown's illusions, while different, were equally simplistic. The difference between them is that Pat thought the money would flow, and RR senses that it won't flow without dramatizations of resistance and reluctance. He services frustrations to which Pat was not attuned. If we isolate him from his feel for the voters' complex mood, which he has such skill at projecting and transferring, without at all modifying the conflicting realities within which the voters have entrapped themselves, then his principles dwindle to slogans, his rhetoric resonates in a void, and his grasp of reality becomes a grasp of a self-written script. Conservatives ought not to take comfort in the opportunisms presented by 1) his rendition of the appropriate conservative noises, 2) his apparent electability.

The prosecution rests. Nervously.

The Open Question II

Wading in the Serbonian Bog

JEFFREY HART

Look at Mr. Kenner's first paragraph. We move from "bellybutton" to "zamindary"—the point being, ho-hum, that the Whole Keyboard is being used. Then consider the wild non-sequitur which provides the non-structure of the long last sentence of the paragraph, beginning "lest . . ." What connection is there between his "agreement" on those two points and the "suspicion" previously mentioned? None. And, of course, all those crazy similes: the elk, the bottle of Eternal Verities, the hammer and nail, the lineup for polio shots, and all the rest of it. Are any serious points being made? It's not easy to find out. Still, let's brush these baubles aside and try to discover what sense, if any, Kenner is making.

We need not be detained by the lengthy business about the relationship between research and teaching. Everyone knows that they are related. Kenner knows it. I know it. Reagan knows it. All *NR* readers know it. I have no doubt that Mickey Mantle knows it. It's tedious to be lectured to—and at length—by Kenner on this obvious point: all those banalities about Aristotle, Sartre, and the lineup for polio shots. The real question, which Kenner does not face, is whether a subtle corruption has not begun to affect academic life. It is an odd but widely known fact that the more able you are the less you teach. Surely something is wrong when a professor's prestige is measured by how infrequently he professes. One recalls the Harvard professor who was quoted in the *Crimson* to the effect that the sight of an undergraduate made him physically ill. And the other Harvard professor, a very prestigious one now, a page of whose lecture notes, wafted by a breeze from an open window, glided to the floor—and broke! That's how old the paper was. Complaints about prestige-mongering and indifference to students within the multiversity did not begin with the election of Reagan in 1966.

Then the tax paragraph. The logic of Kenner's argument here leads him directly to a destination which I hope he does not desire: federal support of higher education. The individual educated at state expense *does* earn more, but, as far as taxes are concerned, it is the federal income which benefits from progressive taxation, for the Federal Government derives a

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much larger proportion of its income from progressive taxation than does the State of California. Therefore it would follow that the Federal Government ought to pay for the education, or at least for most of it. It is unfair, I suppose—really, it is a confusion of genres—to expect consecutive thought from Kenner's article.

Well, on we go. "When, on receipt of the budget cuts, Clark Kerr froze enrollments, he did the only responsible thing"—and then was falsely accused of acting merely for political motives. First of all, Kenner is abysmally ignorant of the whole budgeting process. The figure in the budget is tied to enrollments, and, for the case in question, was tied to their projected increase. Therefore the effect of freezing enrollments at the level of the previous year would merely be to ensure the expenditure of a *smaller* amount than the budget proposed. Kerr of course knew this, even if Kenner doesn't. Furthermore, Kerr had no authority to freeze enrollments at all. He could only recommend this step to the Regents, who, of course, would turn it down. The threat to freeze enrollments is often made in such circumstances, but it has no substance at all and is purely for popular consumption, merely a rhetorical device in the argument over the budget.

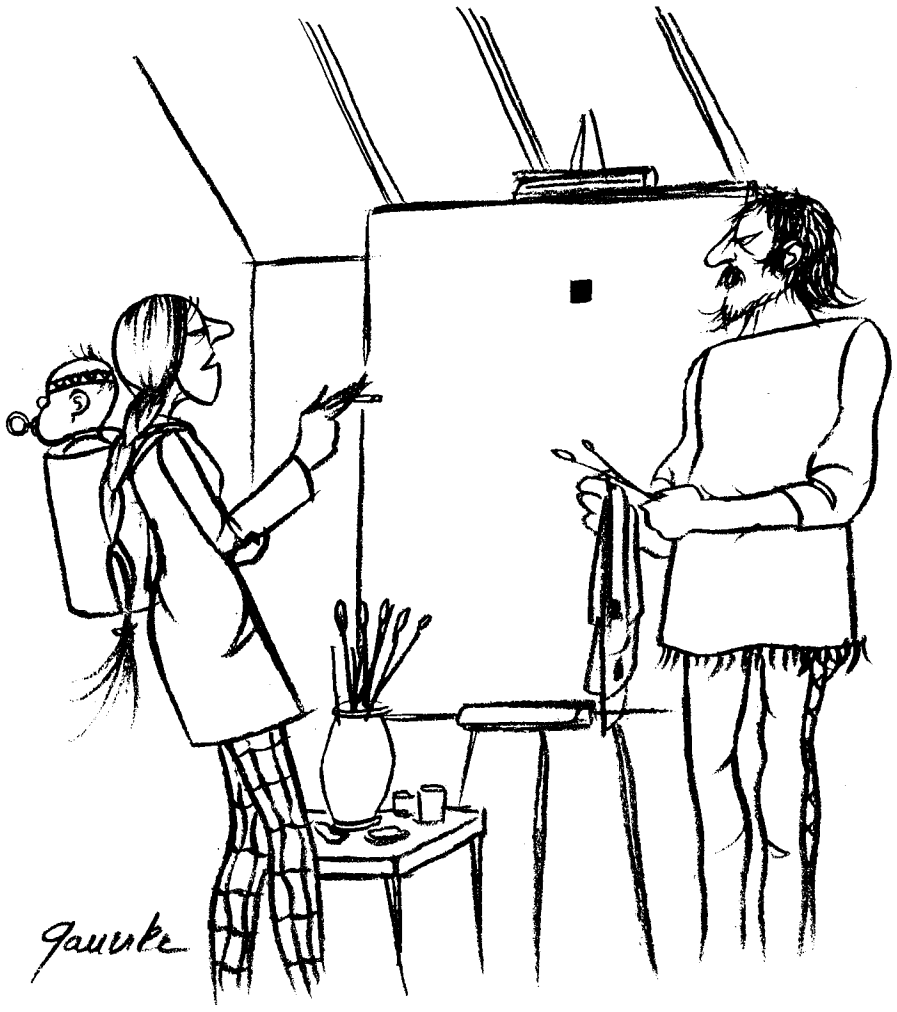
Last Things First?

I find it fascinating that Kenner views freezing enrollments as the only responsible thing to do. Is this really the *first* measure an educator ought to reach for in a financial bind? Can no courses be given, say, in alternate years? Then again, though it is not widely advertised by academic spokesmen, the average teaching assignment at Berkeley is 4.5 class hours per week. Now I know that this is a back-breaking schedule. But with the state facing bankruptcy, might not some teachers add, say, one course per year to their schedules? This would bring them up to a Stakhanovite six hours per week, but emergencies sometimes demand heroic measures. Again, might not some large lectures be still larger? It is absurd to suppose that a large lecture changes its character when it is given to two hundred students instead of a hundred. It is odd indeed that the Kenner-Kerr sense of responsibility penalizes *first* those whom the university is primarily designed to serve: the students.

And how about the responsibilities of the academician as a citizen? To be sure, we have had evidence recently that some members of the academic world scarcely think of themselves as American citizens at all. But still, is the Kenner-Kerr attitude really a responsible one in a state faced by financial disaster?

We'll skip over that hammer-and-nail nonsense and look at one of the nastier charges Kenner makes—that, in a word, Reagan is a liar: "Then a whiff of such phenomena as RR before television cameras at the airport, just back from the famous Regents' meeting, denying any knowledge of whether Clark Kerr was still president or not . . ." But the truth here is quite clear. Reagan attended the famous meeting. Kerr had requested a vote of confidence, and he did not get it. After casting one vote as an *ex officio* Regent, Reagan left the meeting and got into a plane, the understanding being that the Regents would issue whatever public statement was necessary. Under the circumstances, it might well have been expected that Kerr would resign, but Reagan, in the plane, had no knowledge that he in fact had done so. And when the plane landed he naturally declined to anticipate either the Regents' public statement or Kerr's resignation. I am astonished that Kenner would seek to use this as the basis for a charge of lying, or that he can suppose his charge is even plausible. The egregious Fancy Writing that concludes the paragraph—the "familiar stables where politicians hang their pitchforks" and all the rest of it—must be intended to distract attention from the flimsiness of the paragraph's main contention.

Tuition. First, this was not proposed as a "fine on an unruly class." Second, the $250 tuition that was proposed represented only a small addition to the $1750 per year which the



"It's been said before, Franz."

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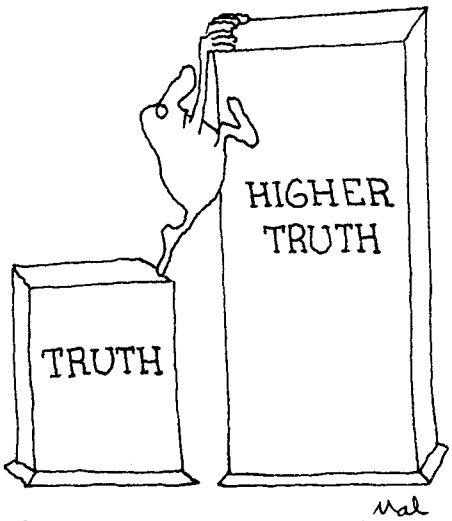
average U. Cal. student spends for his education. Peanut butter, my foot. The University draws its students from families in an income range indistinguishable from that of families who send their offspring to Stanford and the Claremont Colleges, which are privately owned and charge a very good tuition. Furthermore, it was proposed that one half of the $250 should be used for scholarships for students from low income groups who cannot *now* afford to attend the University. The spectacle of liberal students and their faculty handlers demonstrating against this extension of opportunity was one of the more grotesque sights of our grotesque age. There are of course many arguments for tuition, both economic and philosophic, some of them having to do with the relationship between public and private education. What will be the future of the private university, forced continually to raise its charges, if the public university remains tuition-free? This is a serious discussion, yet one group is conspicuous in its refusal to contribute to it: the academicians—old friends, one understands, of reason and discussion.

Medi-Cal. Kenner interprets the attempts to cut back here as psychodrama. Some psychodrama. As the law now stands, the state would immediately go bankrupt if everyone eligible for benefits applied for them. And applications for benefits are increasing at a rate of 50 per cent a year. As an emergency measure, Reagan proposed selective cutbacks, the argument being that some benefits are more necessary than others—e.g., the state would continue to provide essential surgery, but would no longer buy false teeth. The matter went to court, and the State Supreme Court eventually ruled that any reduction would have to be uniform rather than selective, that the state could not retain some benefits while suspending others. While this entire matter was the subject of litigation, Reagan had no choice whatsoever but to make it clear that the status of some benefits was in doubt. Legislation has now been proposed providing for medical coverage which will not bankrupt the state. New York, by the way, has faced a similar problem. For Kenner, all this is psychodrama.

The rest of Kenner's piece has just



about as much relevance to the real world. Very interesting and even historic reforms are under way in California in the treatment of mental illness. By decentralizing care, and treating patients in local facilities rather than consigning them to the large state hospitals, the system can be made both more effective and less expensive. But you won't learn anything at all about this from Kenner's vague and grouchy references to "psychiatric clinics." Looking about in Kenner, to shoot folly as it flies: The recruitment of faculty was *not* suspended because of the "10 per cent slash." Kenner leaves the impression that it was. And the student-staff ratio has *not* "inched upward." On the contrary, it has inched downward, and the desired goal of a 28-1 ratio has now been achieved *for the first time*. The Regents' special reserve is *not* nearly empty; the funds used have been restored. I will forgo comment on the complaint that the morale of tenured faculty members has been shattered by events.

The Difference Between Them

Enough wading around in this Serbonian bog. Let us close with a superb specimen of political non-analysis, Kenner's psycho-political comparison between Brown and Reagan. And notice, again, Kenner's habit of turning everything into a psychological datum, as if, solipsistically, nothing ever really took place outside one's skull. "Pat Brown's illusions, while different, were equally simplistic. The difference between them is that Pat thought the money would flow, and RR senses that it won't flow without demonstrations of resistance and reluctance." This is preposterous. Pat Brown had no confidence at all that the tax money would flow. Thus, while spending a million dollars per day in excess of state income, he resorted not to increased taxation but to a series of Rube Goldberg-like fiscal gimmicks in order to balance the books—such things as the advance collection of corporation taxes. But the end was in sight. By the time he ran for re-election Brown was down to the last possible gimmick. He hoped for a one-shot windfall of $60-80 million through the introduction of a withholding method of income tax collection. By moving tax collection into the present, this would effectively increase state income—once. But that was it. After that, either economy or the deluge. Jail or Swiss exile.

To the Aid of the Party

As a matter of fact, Brown probably saved the Democratic Party in California by *losing*. Had he won, the party would now be facing the ineluctable consequences of its implicit view that the state doesn't have to pay for the things it buys. Brown's loss preserved the party from a confrontation with its illusions and so preserved its institutional life: for surely the party would have shattered ideologically over the question of whether to cut back or raise taxes. The party doesn't have to answer this: it can, instead, attack Reagan.

I feel free to make these criticisms this strongly only because it is a matter of record how great is my admiration for Mr. Kenner.

Thus Far and No Further

When the cuffs went up, mine went up, too.
On the beach, my trunks are peekaboo.
I'm agreeable to Italian shoes.
Are they drinking vodka? That's my booze!
Within limits, I have tried to lean
Toward the current styles and the current scene.
(If the hay is fresh and the barn is dry,
You can ring me up for a college-try.)
But I don't dig dope or a hippie pad,
And when Lyndon bombs, I don't get mad . . .
And unless you swear you've had a bath,
Don't look for me down the garden path.

W. H. VON DREELE

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NOTES FROM NAIROBI

Kenya has the potential of being a tourist paradise,
a going concern as a nation.
But will the fifty odd tribes that make up the nation
be able to work together after the death of Burning Spear Kenyatta?

WHAT HOPE FOR KENYA?

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The first impressions are strong. The land of Kenya, the highland part of it no less than the coast, is obviously African. But, to an American who spent part of his youth in the West of his own country, it is disturbingly, almost enchantingly, familiar. Coming into Nairobi airport from the North, and looking out and down from the plane, one might be flying over Wyoming at one moment, or over Arizona the next. Mount Kenya and the Aberdare chain might be Western mountains. Nairobi itself is like a California town in the sunshine —and one recalls that Anne Lindbergh said it was "like Pasadena." The illusion is sustained by the gardened appearance of the place, which goes back, one is told, to the work of Peter Greensmith, who, as Director of Parks, has been a wizard with the omnipresent bougainvillea.

The Western illusion is sustained by the climate—only in this instance one thinks of the Mexican plateau. Nairobi, just under the Equator, is 5,800 feet up; though the sun shines hot and direct, the air is cool, and the tsetse fly and the mosquito are far away. This is not malarial or sleeping sickness country. From the city's many suburbs there is the hint of mountains in the distance.

If the American feels at home because of the Western ground tone, however, he is made quickly aware that Kenya—and the very related country of Tanzania to the south—are something that you can see no place else on earth. Just twenty minutes outside Nairobi, in the Nairobi National Park (enclosed on three sides, but open to all Africa on the fourth), one thinks again of Wyoming or Nevada. What one supposes are the Ngong Hills (haunt of Baroness Blixen of *Out of Africa* fame) are blue on the horizon, and the perspectives are long. But then, looking to the middle distance, you see your first giraffe, cropping the flat top of an acacia. Though the land itself suggests Wyoming, the ostriches, the baboons, the zebras, the ugly warthogs, and the dainty black-striped Thomson's gazelle transport you to a different part of your childhood, when you were reading Theodore Roosevelt's *African Game Trails.*

Many Faces

Back in Nairobi, a few half-hours spent under the thorn tree at the sidewalk café in front of the New Stanley Hotel are enough to scatter the last illusions that Kenya is another American West. The Indians (and, one presumes, the Pakistanis), with their tired eyes, their turbans and their saris, seem almost as numerous as the blacks. Black cripples manipulate stump legs along the street, and a tall boy who says he is a Masai asks for money to get back to Tanzania. The tourists, with their somewhat affected safari clothes, are West European (chiefly German) and American in about equal numbers. The scene is multiracial (Nairobi is 50 per cent African, 35 per cent Indian and 15 per cent European), but the first Englishman I talked with in casual conversation said that multiracialism will be gone in a generation. Whether it will or not depends, of course, on policy—but the Indians are on their way out—or would be if they had any place to go.

The introduction to Nairobi and its vicinity sounds several themes. One is that the land itself, in its highland setting (it's this that made the English call it "white man's country"), is energizing. There can be a first-rate modern nation here. Another theme is that of the linked destinies of the fantastic game animals and the camera-loaded tourists, which, if brains continue to exist in Kenya, must remain the East African equivalent of the Goose that Lays the Golden Egg. Still another theme is the difficulty of maintaining a multiracial country when a majority is freed to write its own constitutional future with or without reference to minority rights. The theme of the cold war is in Oginga Odinga's pamphlets on the Nairobi sidewalk; likewise in President Kenyatta's warnings to politicos to stop taking Communist money. And the mythology of "Uhuru" is there in the names on the street signs, which honor Kenyatta (who deserves it for being the George Washington of his country) and Field Marshal Dedan Kimathi (the Mau Mau leader who, so one gathers, was more of a deranged Al Capone than a patriot worth reverencing). The fact that the mythology of Uhuru exalts both saints and rascals means that the future itself must remain chancy, for its equivocal tradition can take Kenya almost anywhere. The one major theme that you don't hear sounded immediately on the sidewalk in Nairobi is that of tribalism (though a knowledge of Swahili or local tribal dialects might reveal it quickly enough). I wasn't put on to the omnipresence of tribalism until I moved out of Nairobi with a Kikuyu driver, who introduced it quite casually in the tone of his voice when he announced, proudly: "I am Kikuyu."

The resolution of the several

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themes hinges, so one is told, on Kenyatta's life expectancy. ("Give Kenyatta five years," so a USIS man says, "and this will be a nation.") When I landed in Nairobi Kenyatta was on a "working vacation" somewhere down on the Indian Ocean coast—and, since the "Mzee wa nguvu" (or the "wise old man with the beard") wasn't present with his reassuring cries of "Harambee" (or "Let's work together") and his omnipresent fly whisk, there were the usual rumors that his health was bad, or that he was drinking too much. But when I returned to Nairobi after a thousand-mile swing around Kenya and northern Tanzania, Kenyatta was back in his capital, entertaining his old comrade-in-arms, Dr. Hastings Banda of Malawi, at the annual Nairobi Agricultural Show. The "Mzee" was obviously in good shape, though he no longer looks like the lean warrior with the spear (he is a mixture of Kikuyu and Masai) who appears on the cover of his highly regarded book on the cultural anthropology of the Kikuyu tribe, *Facing Mt. Kenya*.

Up from Mau Mau

The transformation of Kenyatta's reputation since the time when he was suspected of masterminding the Mau Mau rebellion, with its disgusting oath-taking and its terrifying atrocities, is the most remarkable phenomenon in present-day Africa. The man who changed his name from Johnstone Kamau to Jomo Kenyatta (the first name means "burning spear" and the second is taken from the ornamental beaded belt that he used to wear as a meter reader for a water company) was arrested in 1952 for refusing to denounce Mau Mau (he professed to be innocent of it). After the Kenyatta trial and conviction, Sir Patrick Renison, the Governor of Kenya, spoke of the incarcerated "Mzee" as "the African leader to darkness and death." The Mau Mau uprising was, first of all, a civil war within the million-and-a-quarter members of the Kikuyu tribe; in fourteen months of the Mau Emergency period of 1952-53 more than six hundred Kikuyu were killed in an intra-tribal terror campaign for being "loyal" to Britain, whereas only sixteen European settlers met their deaths.

Kenyatta is enigmatic, but he is also a pragmatist, along with Tom Mboya, Danial Arap Moi and other Kenya national leaders. (Only Oginga Odinga, who has taken Communist money, sticks to a strictly orthodox socialist line in his fulminations against Chief Planner Mboya's "mixed economy" ideas.) The leaders insist that anybody is welcome to make money in Kenya provided he doesn't steal it and the "public sector" of the economy is not challenged. They also insist that the cold war between East and West is not an important Kenya issue. Finally, Kenyatta and his administration play down the possibility of a resurgent tribalism. If everything goes as Kenyatta wishes it to go, Kenya will become a prosperous semi-capitalist nation, with no penalties being visited upon whites, Indians or Pakistanis provided they become loyal Kenya citizens. Kenyatta obviously wants foreign capital, and where neighboring Tanzania welcomes the Red Chinese (even to the extent of hiring them to build a railroad from Dar es Salaam to the Zambia copper belt), Kenya has denounced Peking for trying to corrupt Kenyan school children by distributing its propaganda. But whether Kenya can make it as a racially harmonious and "mixed economy" nation after Kenyatta's departure from the scene will depend, whether the Kenyans like it or not, on what happens in the rest of Africa and in the confrontation (which is by no means over) between the East and the West throughout the old colonial world.

The cold war isn't quite so far away as the Kenya leaders would have you believe. The Soviets have armed the Somali shifta, or marauding tribesmen, who pay no attention to borders. At the recent Organization of African Unity conference at Kinshasa in the Congo, representatives of Kenya, Ethiopia and Somalia talked about settling their border differences peacefully, but to tell a shifta to stay put is like telling a tomcat to stay on one side of a backyard fence—and as long as Russian arms are to be had no talk will mean much. South of Kenya, in Tanzania, the Red Chinese continue to impress President Nyerere despite the backfiring of the cultural revolution on the China mainland. "African socialism," as interpreted by Kenyatta and Mboya, seems much more fluid than the same socialism to the south of Mount Kilimanjaro. Nyerere wants tourism, but he has taken to warning the Masai tribesmen that they must discard their picturesque robes and stop showing their bare thighs to tourist photographers at a shilling a camera shot. The same socialist Puritanism keeps private lodge keepers near the Tanzania parks from enlarging their facilities; they simply can't get permits from Nyerere's government to expand an essentially capitalist operation. On the Kenya side of the boundary the Masai wander with their scrawny cattle over their grassland steppe without being told how to dress, and new lodge and inn capital is welcome.

Land and Men

A short-term guest in Kenya would be out of his mind to predict the economic future of the country. But some of the dilemmas may be posed. Before Uhuru the British and South African settlers were making a success of agriculture in the so-called "White Highlands." They brought cattle dipping and good fertilizing practices, and applied business savvy to coffee and tea marketing. The British found the highlands almost deserted when they came in after building their railroad through man-eating lion country from Mombasa to Lake Victoria. Disease had been taking its toll of both the Kikuyu tribe and Kenya cattle, very much as it had wiped out the Indians in Massachusetts before the Pilgrims and Puritans moved in. So the British, thinking in terms of their own land laws, whereby possession is nine points of the law, considered the White Highlands their own. The Kikuyu, however, argued that tribal lands were owned in perpetuity without the formality of property deeds, even when they were not being occupied. They claimed that it was the British who were the squatters. Faced by the probability of eventual expropriation by the Uhuru state, some two thousand out of the three thousand white Europeans farmers sold their land for money that was provided by a British grant. The land, generally that of small farmers, was cut up into even smaller plots and parceled out to 20,000 Africans. The big question is whether a multitude of small, individual proprietors will be as efficient as Europeans on larger acreage who were conversant with mechanized farming techniques, scientific fertilizing, the cross-breeding of stock, and the prevention of disease.

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But whatever the future of Kenya farm efficiency, it is doubtful that state-run farms will ever have much success in Africa. African tradition is tribal, and the tribe, though a social collectivity, isn't a state. The Kikuyus have a definite property sense. They have been called the Jews of Africa. The traditional difference between African and Western property titles is that ownership of land in tropical Africa is vested with the father or the eldest member of the family or clan instead of with the individual. With the Kikuyu, who are now interested in property titles, this is changing somewhat. But the old sense of tribal and family loyalty remains; my driver told me that no one with a job could become really rich in Africa because of the jobless relatives that feel they have a call upon some of his income. And, by family custom, no son, grandson or close relative is deprived of access to a patch of family ground. This makes for an effective form of non-state social security. Land is now bought and sold in the open market, and put up for security when a loan is sought. But the concurrence of the family elder is traditionally needed for a sale, and the elder judges the claims of those who might still need the land for their support.

This is a pattern that makes for family and clan freedom, or what has been described as "tribal individualism." It is a pattern that is perfectly compatible with farm marketing cooperatives, or collective group ownership of such things as tractors. But the pattern would resist state expropriation of the land to the last. The idea of the Communists that the government should own the means of production would hardy go over with the Kikuyu tribe.

Even the Israeli-type k i b b u t z, where farm lands and property are vested in a producer-cooperative collectivity, would hardly go down with the Kikuyu or other Kenya tribes if the kibbutz itself did not happen to be a family or clan affair. Tom Mboya, the planning minister, says the Israeli-style producer-cooperative, where the farm is owned and worked communally, is more possible among his own Luo tribesmen than among the the Kikuyu, but, speaking for himself, he says, "I doubt whether I could go so far in communal spirit as to enter a kibbutz for life." More Africans, he says, are "increasingly coming to want individual possessions, which they can dispose of at will."

Both Kenyatta and Tom Mboya think the tribe-as-social-security-unit can be preserved without menace to "nation" building. It is easy to believe this in Nairobi, where Kenyatta maintains some of the pomp of government that was associated with the British. Kenyatta, in a sense, has replaced the Queen as the symbol of unity. But when one travels around or flies over Kenya, the difficulties of making a nation out of diverse peoples in diverse climates become apparent. The British put Kenya together originally without regard to natural geographical divisions. The tropical coast, with its mixture of Arab and Portuguese flavor, is separated from the temperate highlands by a wide strip of rocky, tangled and semi-barren country that supports elephants but not much else. The Northern Frontier District is a desert which is open to the Somalis, a Hamitic people who are sometimes called the "Black Arabs." There are a half-million Somalis in Kenya, and they have been Islamized since the tenth century, which introduces a religious complication. To the West of Nairobi one drops over a magnificient escarpment into the great Rift Valley, which merges indistinguishably with a continuation of the Rift in Tanzania.

Masai herdsmen wander across the Kenya-Tanzania border with no concern for political boundaries, following their cattle to whatever pastures are greenest, and living apart from more agricultural tribesmen on a diet of blood, milk and (so the stranger is told) cow's urine. The Masai, with their dangling ear ornaments, their cowdung plastered huts, and their nomadic ways, are, next to the Somalis, the most indigestible lump in the Kenya tribal mixture. But all of the fifty-odd Kenya tribes have their differences. They speak a hodge-podge of dialects, which makes Swahili (a semi-Arab lingua franca) or English a universal necessity if the tribes are to become a true nation. But universal education is not yet a reality in Kenya, and there are many in the land who cannot speak to one another. If Kenyatta were to die tomorrow, what would keep Kenya from flying apart, with Luo fighting Kikuyu, and with the Somalis of the North and the Giriama of the coast splitting off? Kenyatta's own Kikuyu are universally respected (and feared) for their cleverness; historically, they were the "people on the edge of the forest," and they had to exercise cunning to protect themselves against both the Masai from the Rift Valley who raided their cattle, and against the lions and other ferocious beasts that inhabited the wooded slopes of Mount Kenya and the Aberdare chain. But Kenyatta has brought along no obvious Kikuyu successor. He has had to maneuver in the manner of a Chicago Democratic mayor to hold his heterogeneous nation together. His vice president, Daniel Arap Moi, is a Kalenjin tribesman. Tom Mboya, the planning minister, is, of course, a Luo. By playing down tribalism, Kenyatta hopes to create a situation in which the Kikuyu would gracefully accept a Daniel Arap Moi or a Mboya as President. Whether he is succeeding or not is a question which no short-term Western visitor is in a position to answer. →

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Since Kenya lacks copper deposits, oil, gold and diamonds, it offers no great temptation to "imperialists" in search of the raw materials of industry. What it has is a temperate highland farming climate and wild animals. The Kenyatta government has moved carefully in agriculture, keeping a white South African, Bruce McKenzie, on as Minister of Agriculture, the only white man in the Uhuru cabinet. European wheat and cattle ranchers have been encouraged to stay and take out citizenship; it is the smaller farmers on the old Kikuyu land who have been prodded to sell out and leave. Coffee and other agricultural produce have moved traditionally through the Suez Canal to northern markets, and this movement has been cut off by the Israeli-Arab war. But during my stay in Kenya, which included a trip to Mombasa on the coast, there didn't seem to be much perturbation because of the closing of the Suez. The Israelis, who did some $20 million worth of export business with Africa in 1966 and took more than $25 million of imports in exchange, offer the transshipment facilities of their Red Sea Gulf of Aqaba port of Elath to East African countries which wish to continue their trade to Europe via the eastern Mediterranean. The haul from Elath to the Mediterranean is a short one, and with improved unloading and loading something will be worked out.

Important though agriculture is to Kenya, the thing that impresses the visitor is the vision of the country's future as one of the greatest tourist attractions of the world. Ecologists are fearful that, with the doubling of the East African human population in the next thirty years, the great herds of zebras, wildebeests, buffalo, and gazelles of all types, along with the giraffes, the lions, the cheetahs, the leopards and the big-eared elephants, will have to give way to domestic cattle. But there are countering predictions that the controlled preservation of the game in many areas will produce a greater income than any other use to which the land might be put—and, incidentally, sell more cameras than guns. An automobile safari through the huge Tsavo reservations which lie between Mombasa on the coast and the Nairobi plateau is enough to make a visitor certain that cattle won't soon displace the elephants in this part of the world. The land is too jagged and rough for cattle.

The enemy of the elephants and other animals is the commercial poacher; according to Peter Hill Beard's studies in his fascinating *The End of the Game,* some 300,000 head of game were slaughtered in 1961 by poachers. Compared to this, the 10,000 head taken by safari hunters and local resident hunters was negligible. But the poacher's day is not what it used to be. One of the heartening stories is of Mau Mau terrorists who, after turning state's evidence on the worst of the Mau Mau leaders, have reformed and become park rangers devoted to preserving the animals as a great revenue-producing resource for their country. The Uhuru government has accepted and expanded on the heritage of concern for game parks and game preservation. Tom Mboya speaks of developing a system of game cropping which would increase the protein diet of Kenyans without having to replace eland and hippo with domesticated cattle. Wild animal farming may be the response to the challenge which faces an ever-increasing East African population. Game cropping, as practiced in Matabeleland, has already proved that it can produce more meat to the acre than cattle can produce, and with less damage to the soil; moreover, the wild game does better than cattle in times of drought. And the selective culling out of the older animals actually increases the calfing, which, in Kenya, would leave more animals to be photographed. But this is the hopeful side of things; you can find plenty of pessimists predicting "the last safari."

Three Africas

Aside from the tourist lure of the game parks, Kenya also has its marvelous Indian Ocean Riviera. Enterprising German travel agencies in Frankfort, so one is told, have already booked all the hotel space on the Indian Ocean front for the "season" over the next two years. Luckily, the Indian Ocean can hardly become extinct.

Generalizations about next year—or next month—in Africa are notoriously dangerous. But, for what it is worth, one can sit at the New Stanley Thorn Tree safe in Nairobi and watch blacks, European whites and turbanned Asians mingling with a feeling that the atmosphere is one of genuine relaxation. One gets the impression in Nairobi (again for what it is worth, which conceivably could be nothing) that there are destined to be three Africas, not one, at least for the next period in history. Arab North Africa is far away, separated from Kenya by the deserts of the Sudan; and there will be no real love between Nairobi and Soviet-dominated Cairo as long as the Moslem Somalis get Communist arms. Verbally, the Kenyans are the utter enemies of white-ruled South Africa and Rhodesia, the "incandescent tip" of the continent. But, in practice, the Kenya government doesn't seem particularly bloodthirsty when it comes to pushing against apartheid hundreds of miles to the South.

The visit of Dr. Hastings Banda, the President of Malawi, to Nairobi last September could be significant. As an old revolutionary comrade-in-arms of Jomo Kenyatta, Dr. Banda had been invited to deliver the opening speech at Nairobi's annual agricultural show. Subsequent to the invitation, but prior to his arrival in Kenya, Dr. Banda made a trade deal with South Africa. His reason was prudential: Malawi is a little, landlocked country in close proximity to white Rhodesia, the Portuguese colony of Mozambique, and South Africa itself. Dr. Banda had simply decided that bread was more important than ideology at this point in Malawi's evolution. He was willing to live in amity with a next-door apartheid nation as long as there was no compulsion on him to be apartheid at home.

When the left-wing Kenya People's Union announced plans to picket Dr. Banda on his arrival in Nairobi, Kenyatta waved his fly whisk and uttered an authoritative "no." And there was no picketing, no boycotting, not even so much as a peep of displeasure in Dr. Banda's presence.

The symbolism involved in the peaceful visit of Dr. Banda to Kenya was not appreciated in Tanzania, where they still train guerrillas with Red Chinese aid to infiltrate into Portuguese Mozambique and into Rhodesia. But the Tanzanian government did nothing to protest Kenya's welcome to Dr. Banda. To the contrary, it has just recently joined with Kenya and Uganda in a three-way East African customs union.

Peace, it could be wonderful—if it only lasts!

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Ten Days in April

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

THE TEN DAYS from the night President Johnson ran up the white flag of surrender in Vietnam to the afternoon Martin Luther King was buried will, I believe, one day impress the historian as the most fateful point in American history since Fort Sumter was fired upon 107 years ago.

Meyer

I may be wrong, I may be "overreacting," as a colleague of mine recently accused me of doing. Events may not move as fast as I believe they will. The Communists may make impossible the modicum of face-saving that Johnson is bound to insist upon in his surrender, and the war may be renewed, perhaps this time at a level capable of achieving our objectives. The fever of the Negro insurrection may die down, and the Negro middle classes, under the leadership of men like Roy Wilkins, may prevail over the nihilist spirit that presently rides high.

But these are unlikely eventualities. It is far more likely that the first days of April have ushered in a massive crisis, internal and external, in the history of the United States—a crisis which could bring all the inherent pathologies generated by decades of liberalism to cataclysmic resolution. We are living, I fear, through a climactic moment of that liberal drive to civilizational suicide that James Burnham has analyzed.

At such a time, I thought the editorial discussion in the last issue of NATIONAL REVIEW (April 23) lamentably lacking in urgency and—in spite of excellent reportage and considerable acute analysis—remiss in failing to show the depth of the two crises and their common origin in liberal relativism and liberal nihilism. For both crises reflect relativist disdain for the values of Western civilization and nihilism towards any order, national or international, even an order that makes freedom possible. They are, in fact a single crisis of moral purpose and civilizational esprit.

The domestic crisis most clearly reflects the breakdown of moral authority. What has been happening in the streets of our cities the last few years is not in any primary sense the result of Negro economic and social conditions. Indeed, insurrectionary violence would seem to have burst forth just when those conditions are rapidly improving. Nor will massive panicky expenditures or constitutional emasculations like the open housing provisions of the Civil Rights Act of 1968 touch the cause of disorder. Such ransom paid to the blackmail of violence is actually more likely to increase than diminish the virulence of the attack on American society.

THE TIRED FORMULAS of liberalism will be no more effective when they are escalated than they have been in the past. The Civil Rights Act of 1968 will have little effect on the social situation, but it will immensely increase Washington's power over the individual citizen. Programs like that of the Kerner Commission or Rockefeller's $150-billion plan would only mean a massive proliferation of bureaucracy and a crushing increase in the already crushing burden of taxation borne by the producing majority of the population (and let us not forget that there are millions of Negroes in that producing majority).

The cause and the solution of our crisis are not to be found in such economic and social nostrums. Our poor are better off than any in the world, far better off than any in past history. Every official voice, governmental and private, has been raised to do what exhortation can do to lower social barriers—support which other minority groups, from the Irish to the Jews to the Italians, never had as they worked their way forward.

The cause is not social and economic, but moral. It is not by chance that at this point we face these lawless explosions not only from our cities, but from our universities. We are reaping the harvest of two generations of contempt for the constitutional tradition of law and ordered freedom. The consummation of a decade of rapidly mounting crime was the spectacle, telecast the country over, of arson and looting going unchecked while troops and police stood by. This was not local or accidental; as the *New York Times* has revealed, it was a national policy conceived on the highest level of government.

But the moral duty of citizens to government depends upon the social compact by which government guarantees the protection of the citizens and their property against outlaws, in return for which the citizens surrender their right to use force in their own defense. Once the compact is broken, that right reverts to all citizens, and the outcome can only be Hobbes' anarchic "war of all against all."

OUR EXTERNAL CRISIS, like our internal crisis, proceeds from the corrosion of national morale. The prosecution of the war in Vietnam has been vitiated from the beginning by the internal decay of our attitude to world Communism, by our refusal to face the reality of an enduring challenge to our existence and the existence of our civilization. The war in Vietnam was a partial rally from our base and irresponsible retreat before Communism. Surrender in Vietnam will lead to renewed retreat and appeasement on an unprecedented scale —unless the country in its agony finds new leadership and a new morale.

Here and here alone lies the solution to the American crisis at home and abroad. It may be objected that this is an ideal answer, that it will not occur in time, that more immediate and practical steps are necessary. But the fact is that there are no such steps. Only national renewal of leadership and moral authority will meet the crisis. And historically it has happened time and again that solutions which seemed distant and improbable have emerged with startling rapidity from the crucible of crisis.

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Five Minutes to Midnight

FRANK J. JOHNSON

The major new Vietnam peace offensive launched by President Johnson in his retirement speech of March 31 represents what is very probably the decisive victory for the school of thought which argues that either a) the present military stalemate lends itself to a satisfactory and "honorable" termination of the war through a negotiated settlement, or b) even if it does not, the U.S. national interest does not require the successful defense of South Vietnam or any other Southeast Asian nation from Communist attack. Unless the President is sand-bagging his opposition, the first proposition is now to be accepted and the second will perforce then be tested.

It may therefore be no more than an exercise in academic futility to suggest at this late date that objective realism might still be applied to a situation where the die has already been cast for disengagement at any price. But one man has at least tried, and his analysis of the Vietnam conundrum comes closer to clearing away most of the platitudes, wishful thinking and plain verbal underbrush that surround this subject than any other this reviewer has yet encountered. In *The Discipline of Power* former Under Secretary of State George Ball covers the whole spectrum of U.S. foreign policy, but for purposes of this discussion the germane portions concern Vietnam. Long regarded as the State Department's resident dove on the Vietnam issue, Ball writes as one who was opposed, on pragmatic grounds, to the extent of the original U.S. commitment and particularly to the decision to bomb the North in February 1965. Fortified with these credentials he nevertheless demolishes, point by point, virtually the entire dovish catalogue of possible exits from the war.

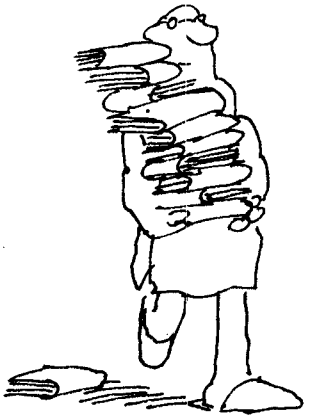
Ball's thesis is that, regardless of what might have been, it is the facts that prevail today that count, and they will not be altered by carrying placards or burning draft cards. For better or worse the United States has made its Vietnam commitment, and once pledges have been made by great powers they cannot be abandoned without serious consequences. Since most critics of the war, including Senators McCarthy and Kennedy, deny that they favor abrupt withdrawal, what other real options are there which are consistent with our stated objectives in Vietnam? In truth, almost none.

A FURTHER PARTITION of the country would not work because there is no clear territorial demarcation line. A coalition government would not work because the disciplined and tightly knit Communist element would quickly undermine and dominate the politically naive Saigon representatives. A simple cease-fire would have enormous practical difficulties because many areas are controlled at night by the Vietcong and during the day by the government. The granting of an amnesty to the Vietcong and the right to participate in the political process is no answer because the Vietcong will not agree to risk their destinies on a political process they could not control. The United Nations is no good because as an institution it cannot solve problems, and where the cold war is concerned agreement of the superpowers is necessary. This, Russia has refused to give. The recurrent argument about direct negotiation with the National Liberation Front misses the point because this is a procedural and not a substantive question. The sticking point has always been Hanoi's contention that the NLF be regarded as the *sole* representative of South Vietnam.

Such are the myriad obstacles and difficulties inherent in any negotiated solution of the war under *present* conditions. Assuming that the war does go on, Ball examines the arguments for a change in strategy. The enclave theory, he feels, would simply reduce U.S. forces in South Vietnam to a state of siege and require giving up all inland areas. This would force us either to abandon large numbers of people to the mercies of the Vietcong or else carry out mass transfers of population. Ball might favor it even so if he thought it would induce the North Vietnamese to negotiate. But he doesn't see why they should do anything but settle down and wait us out.

The other alternative would be the escalation of the war against the North, including a blockade of Haiphong and possible landings in North Vietnam. Ball's position here is that it is too risky. He feels that Russia would have to react violently to a blockade of her ships, and that China would feel compelled to intervene against an attack on North Vietnam. Russia, Ball theorizes, would probably decide she must aid Peking in any war with America, and so we would be well on the way to World War III.

Ball completes his summary by offering no panacea of his own: "Regrettably, I have nothing better to offer, so that obnoxious as I find the prospect, I feel we may have no serious option but to continue the course we are presently pursuing *until conditions for a settlement are more propitious.* [Italics added.] This means that we cannot bring the war to an acceptable end until we further wear down the enemy in South Viet-



The Discipline of Power, by George W. Ball. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.50

America's Stake in Asia, by Drew Middleton. Lippincott, $5.95

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nam, where the issue is joined and will be determined."

The problem here, of course, is that events are now moving beyond even this doleful prescription. Mr. Ball's words were written before the Tet offensive and before the mounting tide of public opposition to a prolonged war made it politically impossible for President Johnson to accede to General Westmoreland's request for the 200,000 more troops which he regards as necessary to pursue the attrition strategy successfully. Increasingly, it now looks as though the United States will in desperation accept, and force upon its unwilling South Vietnamese ally, one of those "solutions" which Ball and nearly every other careful analyst of the Vietnam war knows very well will not work. In this case even the limited objective will fail and South Vietnam will most certainly be lost.

Faced with this prospect one is at least entitled to examine critically Ball's assessment of the risks of enlarging the war against the North. In the event of another Cuban-type blockade, would Russia fight or would she throw her weight behind a Vietnam peace to preclude such a necessity? Assuming landings of U.S. forces in North Vietnam, would Red China really risk destruction of her nuclear installations and the possibility of a flank attack by Chiang's Nationalists on her Fukien coast, or would she hold to her current propaganda line which now excludes defense of anything but China proper?

Perhaps the gloomier answer to these questions is correct, but if so are we not already far down the road to World War III anyway—a road made all the more certain by the shattering aftermath of a Southeast Asian Munich?

THERE IS NO DOUBT in the mind of *New York Times* correspondent Drew Middleton that this verdict would apply at least to Asia. One will find no *Times* editorials in his book. *America's Stake in Asia*. The domino theory is all too real, and if Vietnam falls, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaysia and Singapore will surely fall with it. "There are no easy options for America in Southeast Asia," he writes. "We can stay, at a high cost, and ultimately achieve our goals through great national effort. Or we can go, and assure that although this generation of Americans may win a few years of complacent peace, the next, and perhaps the next following, will be doomed to an unending conflict in Asia. . . . The answer does not lie with the GIs out in the fire bases or with President Johnson. Ultimately it lies with the American people. This has been their century thus far. But if they opt for appeasement in Vietnam, the remainder may belong to someone else."

Making It in Science

MICHAEL S. GAZZANIGA

RARE IS THE TIME when a first-rate scientist lays it on the line about the nature and process of modern day scientific discovery. James D. Watson does—and with an elegance, clarity, and sense of excitement that won't soon be matched. Here is the inside story on what led up to the greatest discovery in the life sciences in the past hundred years. *The Double Helix* talks sciences, talks personalities, but most of all talks incredibly clearly about the over-all organization and reward systems active today in the scientific establishment. Watson goes all the way, holding back little or nothing. He perpetuates no myths—scientists are essentially Renaissance men diddling around in the lab for the pure intellectual joy of it—yet succeeds in creating the intense intellectual moods surrounding the discovery of the chemical nature of the genetic material of life, DNA.

***The Double Helix: A Personal Account of the Discovery of the Structure of DNA*, by James D. Watson. Atheneum, $5.95**

Watson was in his early twenties when he and Francis Crick of Cambridge University made their discovery. Now in his forties, a professor of biology at Harvard, a Nobel laureate, he sets down an extremely intimate account of the ideas and personalities involved. How much time and intellectual investment in the issue have colored his perceptions as a young man is and will be disputed. Crick and Maurice Wilkins, co-sharer in the Nobel Prize with Watson, prevented the book from being published by Harvard University Press, claiming its account scandalous and unfair (Bobby Kennedy should be so lucky). But it is one man's account and interesting because of it.

In the early Fifties biology was fortunate in knowing what the big question was to ask. An understanding of the physical and chemical nature of DNA, the stuff of the chromosome that allows it to duplicate so exactly, would open the door to a real understanding of the genetic code. Everybody knew the issue and the race was on.

Linus Pauling, fresh from working out the physical structure of proteins, was counted in, as was Rosalind Franklin, an X-ray crystallographer from the University of London, Maurice Wilkins, and the twenty-three-year-old post-doctoral research fellow, Watson. The story is absorbing, with all parties knowing success would mean the Nobel Prize. Intrigue is abundant and is especially enhanced when Pauling's son arrives in Cambridge to begin his graduate studies, at the critical moment. Watson pumped Peter Pauling for information, Peter Pauling pumped his father, and his father in turn pumped Watson.

It is interesting to speculate why Pauling lost. Pauling is, simply, brilliant. His contributions to chemical and biological theory were and are unsurpassed. How could anybody get the jump on him? Watson himself provides the obvious answer. Time.

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The young men have the time in science today, and in the hard sciences if you haven't said it by twenty-six there is a good chance you never will. Pauling at this moment in biological history was consumed with the American political picture. He simply wasn't on the problem full time. In retrospect, though, he can take refuge in the fact that he was laying the groundwork for another Nobel Prize, the Peace Prize.

WHAT MOTIVATES today's scientists? There are already vicious thoughts on this subject, most of which will be augmented by this book. Watson, at twenty-three, boldly announced he was after the Prize. Good for him, because in another vocabulary he's saying he wants to examine and spend his time studying only the big questions. How do you tease out the differences in motivation? Surely most continue graduate education in a particular field because they are truly fascinated with the subject. Generally, undergraduates go into medicine because they want to practice the art. They study biochemistry because they are fascinated with the subject. But then suddenly they become professionally competent and bingo they hit on something big.

What happens? In science today, just as in show biz, the press is there, the universities are there making offers, the governmental agencies are there, the lecture invitations are there, the publishers are there, and, if you really hit it big, the Nobel Prize is there. Quality results in recognition, and recognition means fame and fortune. Instantly, then, there are two vocabularies to describe a man's motivations. One is honorable, the other, well, functional. From this point, the analysis becomes difficult both for the critic from the outside and for the man himself. What is causal becomes confusing.

For James D. Watson it is clear though. He recently observed in response to the question, "What do you think of all the fame?"—"It's not good for the scientist, for science is committed to looking at tomorrow, not reflecting on yesterday." He says he is now working on the molecular basis of cancer. That's another big question, but one he's certainly licensed to consider.

Science Fiction

Titanic Tome from the Tik-Tok Man

THEODORE STURGEON

INVENTORY: 520 pages, 32 stories, two forewords (by Isaac Asimov), one introduction for the book, one introduction for each story, each introduction by the editor containing a great many incomplete sentences, jacket design, title page and each story illustrated by Leo and Diane Dillon, woodcuts or lino (many of them striking, one or two astonishing, a few just perplexing), and for each story an afterword by its author. A lot of book.

And a lot of Ellison: ". . . In exchange for all the goodies herein, you will have to put up with the intrusion of the editor, who is a writer like all the other writers here, and who is delighted to be able to play God just *this once.*" And if this, gentle reader, is really the way God has been operating, we must thank Harlan Ellison for a true illumination: it would explain a lot of things that obtain and go forth on this baffling ball.

A ball is what Harlan is having. Here is Ellison brash, crude, insightful, amusing, careless ("she decamped blood and viscous fluids over the prostrate body . . ."), brilliant, abrasive, rude, cruel, witty, downright wrong (you do not have to put up with it), noisy (actually, sometimes), subtle, disgusting, original, unoriginal, and from time to time evocative of that strange emotion (surely there must be a word for this; we have all experienced it) which whelms us when we experience embarrassment on behalf of one who seems incapable of feeling it. To borrow a line from William Tenn (the poor man's Wilson Mizener) Harlan Ellison is

Dangerous Visions, **edited by Harlan Ellison. Doubleday, $6.95**

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determinedly living his autobiography, and he reports on it copiously. So by all means put up with it; he's a one-man isometrics course, and will stretch your laugh-muscles, your retch-muscles, your indignation-, wonder-, delight-, mad-, appall-, admiration- and disbelief-muscles, and strongly affect your blood-pressure thing. You may have perceived that I have not used the word "dull." He might numb you, but you will not be bored.

THE INITIAL CONCEPT of the book was to secure from the best writers the editor could find those stories which had never been written, or which had never sold, because they were too shocking, too different, too strong, too *outré* for any market. This would have been an interesting challenge ten years ago, or five, when the parameters of the acceptable were more or less visible; it is equally interesting now, when "the obligatory" has become editors' cant for an explicit sex sequence; and it is interesting indeed that so many of these authors, given such an opportunity at such a time, forgo it. Some do not, of course —most predictably, the editor—and there is a portion of horror, of horrid. But most of the authors—and I am quite sure it was not from timidity —seem to pursue serious themes seriously, and to be glad of the chance to explicate other ideas which have deeply and personally concerned them, now that the lid, and therefore the unseemly pressure, is off sex.

I most emphatically disagree with the proclamation of such as Kingsley Amis, who does not do his homework, that science fiction is characteristically asexual and unaware of love in its larger and largest senses; I think it is because science-fiction writers (some more, some less) work in geological or astronomical time rather than in biographical or historical perspectives, and that this is what keeps them ahead of events. If you read into this a prediction that modern literature will become less and less preoccupied with Topic A, you are perfectly right.

But this is a book of stories—all original—so let us deal with them.

Some are profound disappointments, and among the many facets of the sense of wonder exercised by this generous volume must be that of why the brilliant and resourceful del Rey expected us to take seriously yet another of the sententious man-is-God, here's Eden-again stories, or why the editors gave it the lead spot; or why Brian Aldiss, surely one of the most competent and original writers alive, ever let such an inept and uninteresting specimen as this one out of his bureau drawer.

Some, however—and it is really fair to say most—are well worth the price and the time. Some are mere whimsies, but like Damon Knight's are deft and delightful. Some, like Carol Emshwiller's *Sex And/Or Mr. Morrison,* are not only marvelously accomplished (oh, she is a *good* writer) but absolutely original. Some, most notably Philip José Farmer's sizable entry, *Riders of the Purple Wage,* are courageous-to-heroic attempts at new styles, new concepts, new modes of narrative. David R. Bunch shows himself yet again as a compelling neostylist. Howard Rodman, whose main fame is as a television script-writer, gives us a most moving little tale of an old man who has twice been to the moon.

Fritz Leiber is at his absolute, cadenced, ringing best in a completely successful blend of science fiction and myth, adventure and horror. Joe L. Hensely, a district attorney by trade, tells the story of a gifted child with such poignance and tenderness that one unabashedly calls for the Kleenex. Sonya Dorman's brief shocker is a thing you will believe, and wish you didn't have to. Charles Delaney has a study of perversion which quite rises above its own narrative and becomes definitive. J. G. Ballard—a name to remember, and one which

Random Notes

● BOOKS: Ladislas Farago (biographer of General Patton) tells the full story of Nazi intelligence operations in World War II, in *The Game of the Foxes* (Random House, Fall). . . . Allen Churchill will follow up his nostalgialbum, *Remember When*, with *Over Here*, all about the home front during World War I (Dodd, Mead, $6.50). . . . Vietnam or no, there's no cause like an old cause; Stanley Weintraub stirs the dust in *The Last Great Cause: The Intellectuals and the Spanish Civil War* (Weybright & Talley $8.50). . . . Sir Robert Thompson, the British officer who beat the Communist guerrillas in Malaysia, takes a sympathetic but critical look at the Vietnam war and the way we are fighting it, in *The Lost American* (Weybright & Talley, Fall); your local drugstore offers *Dr. Spock on Vietnam* (Dell, 75 cents).

Typee is the first of fifteen volumes in the new, complete, scholarly edition of Melville being published by Northwestern University Press and the Newberry Library ($10; paperback $1.75; the whole set $180 to subscribers). . . . The "middle way" may lead to perdition, suggests David Jenkins in *Sweden and the Price of Progress* (Coward-McCann, $6.50). . . . Latest from Jacques Ellul, licensed iconoclast, is *A Critique of the New Commonplaces* (Knopf, May, $6.95). . . . *Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts,* a collection of twelve short stories by wicked Donald Barthelme, includes "Robert Kennedy Saved from Drowning," a demolition (Farrar, May, $4.95); another demolition, Ralph de Toledano's *RFK: The Man Who Would Be President,* is now out in paperback (Signet, 95 cents). . . . Now it can be told: In *Special Counsel, NR* publisher William A. Rusher recalls the days when he was just that to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and indeed in its probes of Communist activity (Arlington House, May).

● MOVIES: Acting Their Age—Marlon Brando will play a middle-aged ad-man in Warner Brother's *The Arrangement,* to be directed by its author, Elia Kazan. In American-International's latest headline-exploiter, *Maryjane*, Fabian plays a teacher.

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will one day command the most respectful attention of the mainstream critics—has as odd and memorable a mood piece as you're likely to encounter in this or the next two seasons.

MANY OF THE AFTERWORDS written by the various authors about their stories, are of great interest—sometimes as insights into what kind of person it is who writes this or that kind of story, and/or why he was moved to write it. Some contain mordant observations on larger issues; the one I like best is Henry Slesar's, who presents us with an "atomic doom" story which was rejected all over because such stories are (said one editor) "trite" or because (said another) "people don't want to think about that." "To me," writes Slesar, "the most dangerous vision of all is the one that's rose-colored."

The Non-Dominant Elite

MAX GELTMAN

WHEN DE GAULLE called the Jews "an elite, self-assured and dominating," he stirred up a storm probably not because he called them "dominating," or "self-assured," but very likely because he referred to them as an "elite." Now most Jews may think of themselves that way, privately, but they don't like others to assert it. After all, philosemitism is as much abhorrent to them (except in socialist circles) as antisemitism. Somehow they sense that these are opposite sides of the same coin. They do not like to be singled out, counted, for good or bad, for fear or favor. In fact, Jewish folklore (in Yiddish) even has its negative counting patterns, which have roots dating back to Old Testament tradition against the evils of census-taking: when the orthodox among them count out ten men for a *minyan*, for example, they will say, "not-one, not-two, not-three," etc. This is to ward off the evil spirits and to help prevent the *goyem* from ever knowing how many co-religionists there are in any community at any given moment. (Mark Twain, overwhelmed by this device of Jews understating their presence, once remarked that he, personally, knew more Jews in New York than were officially accounted for by the census.)

In any case, Nathaniel Weyl thinks the Jews *are* an "elite" and asks them to behave as one, sure of themselves, dominating in those areas where they have much competence, and not trying to emulate the alienated radicals or the populist-oriented masses who, in almost all cases, remain the chief reservoir for antisemitism in America—and elsewhere. Returning to a theme which he has previously written about with much cogency and effectiveness, Weyl asserts that Jews should indeed "recognize themselves as an elite with an immense stake in the existing social order [and] in the orderly evolution of the world toward the institutions of Western civilization, instruments which have alone thus far given man both order and freedom." Aside from the fact that one may question whether indeed the world is "evolving" in an "orderly manner" toward "the institutions of Western civilization," the argument for freedom and order is well stated. The problem here—and it is central to the author's thesis—is: Why do Jews (in overwhelming numbers) behave the way they do in the political climate of America where, all things considered, they prosper more, achieve more, and live longer than in any other system anywhere in the world, regardless of time or place?

Judged by their capacity to acquire material and cultural wealth from the society to which they have made an enormous contribution as compared with other ethnic or national minorities (Jews probably have the highest *per capita* income in the land as well as the most Nobel Prizes, nine times their proportionate average), and judged by the fact that they have found the greatest security and well-being in a climate of individual freedom and competitive enterprise, one would expect them to be the best conservatives—in the best sense of that term. Instead one finds them the best liberals—in the worst sense of the term. In this they not only defy common sense, for all that they send their children to schools of higher learning over and above *all* other segments of the population, but they stubbornly refuse to follow the political voting patterns easily observed among other immigrant groups after they make the move from the City to the Suburb. That is, they refuse to shift their voting habits from Democrat to Republican. This problem disturbs Mr. Weyl, and his efforts to come to grips with it are made with a forthrightness and boldness one has come to expect from the author of *The Creative Elite* and *The Geography of Intellect* (co-author, Stefan T. Possony).

Actually, things were not always so. Before the mass migration from Eastern Europe, Jews in America did behave more or less as other "elite" or dominant groups in the nation, voting Republican in the North and Democratic in the South, their passions being indigenous in the sense that they responded to regional patterns of political and social behavior. But with the advent of Roosevelt the Second, they acquired voting habits —regardless of wealth or position or level of education—that differ not a jot, except to be more extreme, perhaps, from the poorest and least educated. Thus, even when a Catholic, whose father was anathema to them and whose religion they feared most, ran for President, they still voted against his Republican opponent in such vast numbers as to bring tears to the eyes of Richard Nixon. The same thing happened in the Goldwater campaign when they turned out in even larger numbers against a man who openly identified himself with the Jewish faith of his fathers; they gave Johnson the largest single group-vote in the nation, even above that allotted him by the poorest and most wretched in the land.

WHY? The author suggests it may be due to identifying any anti-mass appeal with the carryover of old remembered outrages committed against Jews in Czarist Russia and to the

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***The Jew in American Politics,* by Nathaniel Weyl. Arlington House, $6.95**

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syndrome of Nazism, which left few Jews unscarred. That the liberal-Left tradition in its populist and socialist and Communist essence is essentially rooted in antisemitism, that the spirit of secular collectivism is the only real threat Jews have to fear, has not yet dawned upon them. This, despite the fact that they are the most "learned" of the earth. Yet, for all that, they are the most often burned. The kind of wisdom acquired through generations of selective breeding, which established family patterns whereby the *Yeshiva bocher* (the dedicated student) was married off to the daughter of the rich merchant, has produced an immense number of doctors, lawyers, physicists, musicians, and Nobel laureates, but it has also produced a kind of dissatisfaction ("alienation," "anomie").

UNFORTUNATELY the author does not go into this very deeply, relying for the most part on a kind of addiction to genetics, which he seems to regard as an absolute science. I am rather of the opinion that the science of today—any science—is the superstition of tomorrow. Measuring brain pans and testing out people's intelligence is as much a parlor game as it is a science—depending on where you sit. Surely it is proper and necessary to test as much as possible, to further awareness, and not to discourage continuing experiments in this vital area (some social scientists, for example, would ban Dr. William F. Shockley's efforts). What do the sociologists fear? The results when they are in—and they are not in, by a long shot—may turn out to be no more damaging to the least achievement-oriented, who, for a variety of reasons (family patterns or life-style, as in the case of Negroes) fail to come up to the present "norm," than they were to the Jews some forty years ago. At that time (in the mid-Twenties) Dr. Carl C. Bingham of Princeton set up a series of tests in which Jews scored lower in general intelligence than other groups in the general population. These results, by the way, did not cause a single Jew to lose a single night's sleep, nor did they prevent Jews continuing their climb on the ladder of achievement and education, up to and including Princeton University.

What must be stressed, however, is that by and large not all groups in this kaleidoscope of a nation (the land was never a "melting pot" designed to produce a homogenized culture) attain the same level of success at the same time and to the same degree. Some achieve it faster than others. This is true of the Jews, as it is true of the Chinese and Japanese. But each, in its own way, following its own life-style, gets there, so long as mobility is maintained and fortified and guarded against dilution by the purveyors of easy-to-take sociological nostrums. It is not necessary for each to reach the same goal the same way. Goals may differ as desires may vary. After all, it may be even more fun and even more desirable to pursue happiness other than via the Ph.D.

So it is not simple, nor is Mr. Weyl unaware of that. Many of his observations should be must reading for all who seek in the conservative ethos a way out of the moral debasement and cultural chaos now prevailing throughout much of Western civilization. "Perhaps," the author says by way of conclusion, "the essential difference between conservatives and liberals is the difference between those who believe in elites and those who believe in masses . . . between those who favor freedom and those who uphold security, between those who have roots and respect continuity and those who . . . restlessly seek change, between the unique man and the mass man. The social position, character and capacity of American Jews place them unequivocally in the first category."

Film Chronicle

RICHARD CORLISS

THE GRADUATE, the best American movie of 1967, is running neck-and-neck with *Bonnie and Clyde* (second best) in the Most Analyzed U. S. Film of the Decade sweepstakes (the front runner is still *Dr. Strangelove*). The leading character, Ben, a young Californian who comes home after being All-Everything at college, looks too Jewish for some reviewers, and not athletic enough for others. The film is accused of switching emotional gears—from coolly satiric in Part One, when Ben forms a lazy liaison with a woman twice his age, to gooily romantic in Part Two, when he falls in love with the woman's daughter, Elaine. And some consider the climax, during which Ben saves his beloved from her parental predators by swinging a crucifix, blasphemous. Mike Nichols, *The Graduate*'s director, has responded to these jibes by characterizing critics as "eunuchs watching a gang-bang."

Applying this analogy to *The Graduate*, we find that Nichols, forcing his story upon us with a muscular cinematic technique plucked from taste-making directors, comes on like

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a bunch of drunken frat brothers, and that the viewer is in the position of the broken maiden. For the record, here are some of the obvious influences on Nichols' style (in alphabetical order): Ingmar Bergman, Claude Chabrol, Federico Fellini, Alfred Hitchcock, Arthur Penn, Alain Resnais, François Truffaut, Agnes Varda, and Orson Welles as Grand Tutor. If we ignore the gratuitous homage to most of the above cast, we discover that Nichols' use of deep-focus camera work to clarify and isolate the characters, his tendency to long takes and little camera movement, his mastery of blocking actors and directing dialogue, is similar to Welles' command of these factors in *Citizen Kane*, and we commend Nichols on his choice of mentor.

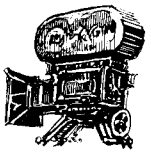
But most of the critics' reservations pertain to the "reality" of his characters; and here we can change Nichols' remark to "eunuchs watching an adroit seduction," for Nichols elicits sympathy for his protagonist by making Ben's environment unsympathetic. The reason Ben never trusts anyone over thirty may be that he never meets anyone under forty—until Elaine comes along. Like two cellmates, they almost have to become friends. But Elaine can't be totally trusted either: she believes her mother, whom she must know to be a neurotic alcoholic, when told that the liaison was Ben's idea (the opposite is true), and considers getting married to both Ben and a blond cipher she knows at college.

Why, then, is *The Graduate* the best American movie of 1967? Well, it might be more apt to call it the *most* American movie of 1967, because its strengths and weaknesses are ours. It shows us the United States of the Sixties in the fond, exaggerated way the screwball comedies of the Thirties revealed their own era. Nichols' eclecticism, and his neglect of Charles Webb, whose novel furnished almost all of the film's dialogue, can be compared with the traits of Henry Ford and Thomas Edison, two creators whose genius lay in consolidating the creations of others. We smile in recognition at each gesture of the excellent performers (Dustin Hoffman as Ben, Katherine Ross as Elaine, Anne Bancroft as her mother). And the theme song, Simon and Garfunkel's "The Sounds of Silence," is used perfectly to express Ben's typically American moods: at the film's start, to help suggest the faceless man Ben is in danger of becoming; during the older woman's seduction, to show that this new game is really more of the same; and at the end. Ben has snatched Elaine from the sacrificial altar just in time. But now what? He's saved her from something bad but has nothing good to replace it with. Slowly the smiles fade from their faces. "Then," the song goes, "the vision that was planted in my brain still remains, within the sounds of silence."

BEDAZZLED is director Stanley Donen's sparkling showcase for the Mutt and Jeff of cerebral British comedy, Peter Cooke and Dudley Moore. Cooke and Moore were half of the *Beyond the Fringe* quartet—the others, Jonathan Miller and Alan Bennett, have become physician-director-critic and Oxford historian respectively, and the whole group is so bloody talented and charming that they must be the despair of such single-career men as Pablo Casals and Robert McNamara. *Bedazzled* (starring Peter Cooke and Dudley Moore, screenplay by Peter Cooke, based on a story by Peter Cooke and Dudley Moore, music composed and arranged by Dudley Moore) subjects the Faust legend to an updating (to mod-day London), a twisting (Faust wins), and an unrelenting barrage of one-liners. Despair of critics—almost every one of them is funny. It's about the cleverest film I can think of, and I stand humble and punless before these casual Renaissance renegades. If, like Dudley's Faust, I were given seven wishes, I would have each of my readers see *Bedazzled*.

In *Thirty Is A Dangerous Age, Cynthia*, made before *Bedazzled*, Dudley is on his own—the only star, with an appearance by his own musical trio, and an original screenplay by himself, John Wells and Joe McGrath (the former was a cameo player, the latter a cameo director, in *Casino Royale*)—and he does very well, thank you. The pace is less intellectually strenuous and the production is more modest, but the relative simplicity allows the viewer a mellow emotional involvement with Dudley's character: a bachelor of music, aged twenty-nine and 46/52, who decides that if he doesn't make it by thirty, he'll never make it, and allows himself six weeks to compose a musical show and propose to some willing young lady—*any* willing young lady. *Cynthia* suffers from some superfluous slapstick, a frenetic, flaccid finale, and McGrath's flashy direction (more bedizening than bedazzling), but most of it is so delightful that Peter, Jonathan and Alan can be proud, and the rest of us can be grateful for a very funny film.

ONCE A YEAR, every critic should be forced to see a movie in a low-rent neighborhood theater. Let him try to watch it, flanked by a woman who has brought her lunch and a man who snores even while awake, and sitting behind a chain smoker and in front of a bickering couple. Even if he believes that the medium is the medium and the message the message, he should acquire some sympathy for the neighborhood theater-goer who wishes to extract the filmic essence from such movies as *Eye of the Devil* and *The Girl and the General*. The former, a British horror film devalued to double-feature status, features just about every over-exposed English actor going (oh, David Niven, Deborah Kerr, Flora Robson, Emlyn Williams, Edward Mulhare, Ernest Clark, even David Hemmings) and a lot of ostentatious camera work (this year's cinematic sin) by old hand J. Lee Thompson. There are probably twice as many shots in this ghoulish little goulash as there were in Thompson's well-edited *Guns of Navarone*; there are certainly twice as many as are necessary. A few French scholars must have been in the audience, for when a plaque bearing Niven's family name, DeMonfaucon, was lit to emphasize the letters DeMon Con, I heard a faint titter just to the left of the snorer.



The Girl and the General is an unjustly underrated (or, rather unrated) Italian comedy-drama starring Rod Steiger (World War I Austrian general), Umberto Orsini (an Italian private who witlessly captures him) and Virna Lisi (an Italian girl who acts as the general's co-attendant and, in the last reel, as the soldier's co-

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habitant). Steiger sports a wooden right arm (the result of gangrene from perforating his hand with a spindle in *The Pawnbroker*?), so that, when he's told to raise his hands upon arrest, the left arm springs up in a pre-Hitler *Heil*. The general comes to sympathize with the couple's attempt to win both their thousand-lire reward ($1.60?) and his respect, as the viewer comes to sympathize with the characters and respect the fine trio of actors and their director, who bears the formidably Italian name Pasquale Festa Campanile. The neighborhood audience laughed at his name and loved his picture.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SMITH OF WOOTTON MAJOR, by J. R. R. Tolkien (Houghton, $1.95). I welcome the appearance of this book, of course, as I would welcome the appearance of any book from Professor Tolkien's pen. And, indeed, it is a charming if all too brief story of Faery—even a little too charming, perhaps: it does not, to me, seem to bear rereading as as well as "Leaf by Niggle" or *Farmer Giles of Ham*, to say nothing of the great work. But if it is recently written, I fear I grudge the time spent away from the *Silmarillion*. Still in all, it is good to see the foremost living geographer and historian of the realms of Faery in the act of inventing that rare thing, a *new* story, and for this (and for a few great moments in that story), I at least am thankful.

J. C. LOBDELL

THE COMMUNIST REGIMES IN EASTERN EUROPE: AN INTRODUCTION, by Richard F. Staar (Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, $7.50). In a country by country analysis, Emory University political scientist Staar illuminates forces working for and against the cause of freedom in Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. Staar's main point is that regardless of the signs indicating evolutionary tendencies toward freedom, strong foreign and domestic obstacles stand in their way. Some of these evolutionary tendencies include gradual replacement of the Stalin "model" of centralized commands with marketplace decentralization, somewhat greater choice for the voter in elections, and, in the international sphere, a trend toward "polycentrism." But Eastern European political and economic integration à la NATO and the Common Market is impeded by the basic ideological call for national autarky, as well as by division over ethnic and territorial issues—division of course welcomed by Moscow. Also, within each country greater freedom for the individual means less power for the bureaucratic Old Guard; but Eastern European leaders still feel insecure and will not allow their respective Communist parties to abdicate rule by fiat.

M. PETERSON

RESPONSIBLE INDIVIDUALISM, by Wallace Johnson (Devin-Adair, $5.00). One would think that being mayor of Berkeley, California, would be enough to keep any man busy, but Mayor Wallace Johnson has found time to come out with his second book. It is a personal credo which reflects his background not only as Hizzoner of one of the most activist communities in the nation, but also as a businessman, rancher, and individualist. In the first third of the book, he describes his philosophy of "responsible individualism" and refuses to categorize people as conservatives or liberals; his more complex classifications are combinations of "progressive *vs.* reactionary," "idealist *vs.* relativist," "individualist *vs.* collectivist," and "responsible *vs.* unconcerned." He then examines "the nation in microcosm"—Berkeley—and applies his philosophy to specific issues such as employment, inflation, crime, free enterprise for farmers, and foreign policy. On the latter, he proposes that Congress regain the essence of its prerogative to declare war—in an age when wars often remain undeclared—by an amendment which would give Congress "the sole power and decision to send selectees of the Selective Service to military duty outside the United States."

D. FRANKE

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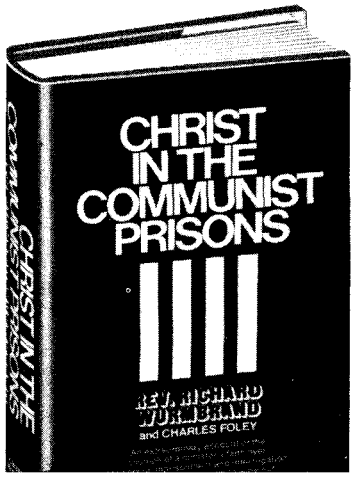

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THE ATLANTIC BY SEA

ALEC WAUGH

Last February I returned to England by the *France*. On a snow-swept afternoon, it was difficult to find a taxi in Manhattan, and by the time I had checked in, the loudspeakers were already announcing "All visitors ashore." I went to the main hall. It was very quiet. There seemed hardly any visitors to go ashore. I looked at the passenger list. On the world's longest ship, there were only 160 first class and 460 tourist passengers. How different it would have been forty, thirty years ago.

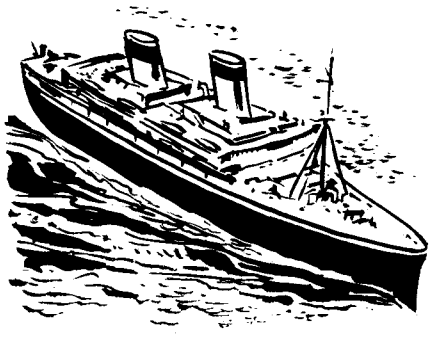
Those were the days of midnight sailings and farewell parties. Meetings at the dock and "pourings upon ships" were a feature of New York life. Everyone seemed to know who was arriving by which ship, who was sailing by which ship. London, Paris and New York had become closely linked. There was a constant commuting back and forth. A series of superb ships was launched: *Normandie*, the *Bremen*, the *Queen Mary*, and a number of delightful slower boats—the *Lafayette* and the *Manhattan*. Ships were a conversational topic and the trips themselves were an adventure. You never knew whom you might meet. In April 1934 on the *Aquitania* were E. V. Lucas, Gilbert Miller, S. N. Behrman and Francine Larrimore. Twenty years ago in that delightful nine-day French ship the *De Grasse*, I traveled in the company of Irwin Shaw, S. J. Perelman, Robert Standish and their respective and charming wives.

All that is over now. That trip on the *De Grasse* was indeed for me the last such voyage. VIPs no longer cross by ship: nor do IPs. They cannot allow it to be thought that they can afford to be away from their desks for five full days.

When I read down the list of passengers on the *France*, I did not see the name of a single friend and of only one fellow passenger had I ever heard. Nor are transatlantic ships crowded nowadays except during the summer months. France, the U.S.A. and Britain have each only one ship on the run, and those ships spend the winter on sunshine cruises. The *France* for instance had just finished a series of Caribbean cruises and was on her way to a series of Mediterranean cruises. My crossing was a "between cruises" trip. The atmosphere of the old six-day crossings of the Twenties and Thirties is something that has vanished from the world.

Thirty years ago passengers were left to devise their own entertainment and it was up to the passenger to make it the kind of trip he wanted. I, for example, was more often than not exceedingly unsociable on board. Traveling in an eight-day ship, I would set myself to the writing of a short story that would defray the expenses of my trip. Eight concentrated days is about what one needs for a short story and in point of fact the most satisfactory writing that I did during the Thirties was the series of short stories I wrote on Atlantic crossings. I would not attempt any solid work on the contemporary four-and-a-half-day-long weekend.

Delectations



Today the sea is in competition with the air, and the shipping lines have to make five days in a ship more attractive than four in a motor coach in Europe. Consequently there is a constant effort on the part of a large section of the staff to see that each passenger is kept amused every day and all the day. The *France* sailed at 4 P.M. and by 4:30 a film was showing. For the remainder of the voyage there was a succession of films in the mornings, afternoons and evenings. There were, of course, all the usual shipboard diversions, of deck tennis, shuffleboard, and clay pigeon shooting when the weather was clement, horse races and bingo; but in addition to all that, there was, which is what is new today, a sequence of cocktail, dinner and supper parties proferred by the Captain, the Purser, the Assistant Purser, at which passengers got to know each other. During the Twenties and Thirties, I was only once invited to a cocktail in an officer's cabin, and that one occasion in February 1939, in the German *Hansa*, was inspired, I suspect, by the claims of political propaganda. But today, almost every time I returned to my cabin, it was to find on my dressing table a card of invitation either from one or other of the officers or from a fellow passenger whom I had met at one of their parties. It would have been hopeless to have attempted a serious piece of work. The dice would have been loaded heavily against it. Far wiser to relax to the having of a good time.

A few years ago I made a tour of the European spas: I found them as anxious as they were in Edwardian days to have the visitors appreciative of the curative properties of their waters, but as an increasing sideline they were developing the *"cure de détente,"* through which the man of affairs is restored and refreshed by a period of enforced relaxation; that is what the modern Atlantic crossing does.

I know no form of relaxation that is more pleasant, and is more complete; particularly on the eastbound crossing when the clock is moving forward, and particularly on the French line, where the clocks, instead of jumping forward ninety minutes every night, are moved forward fifteen minutes every four hours so that you suddenly find that the next distraction, a cinema, a meal, a party, is a quarter of an hour sooner than you thought. After four and a half days of sea air, of gourmet meals, of exercise on deck, of cinemas and concerts, and parties that are uncomplicated by the strain of getting to them across a rain-swept city when taxis are in short supply, I felt restored and refreshed, ready for all "the changes and chances of this mortal life."

It is certainly my hope that while my liver holds, instead of going to Vittel or Vichy for an annual cure, I shall make an eastbound crossing, out of season.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

A. University at Hamilton, N.Y.

B. Where elderly gentlemen were educated

C. A public official who has authority to fine people, even children

D. An institution whose graduates soon become ignorant because of Warren, Douglas, etc.

E. State which celebrates its sesquicentennial this year

F. What a governor of Arkansas said should be taught in every school (Amen!)

G. College at Troy, N.Y.

H. State whose first five letters spell a nation

I. A man who has just acquired an income tax exemption

J. One of the Seven Wonders of the World, mentioned in Book of Acts

WORDS

2 83 112 128 48 41 74

16 61 142 33 8 113 51 120 95

21 9 143 148 85 56 67 1 155

30 3 90 164 18 153 139 159 99

46 119 163 86 10 19 7 132

53 4 20 25 62 34 106 103 160

73 28 52 89 123 130 141 42 150 38

79 157 96 117 55 136 75

133 88 92 12 57 108 39 115

149 5 27 102 111 127 134 11 22 64 35

84 97

DEFINITIONS

K. Expressible

L. What George Washington stood up in

M. Town in Hardin County, Iowa

N. A member of a revolutionary society in Kenya

O. Unscramble ON MAD STEREET to get attention

P. A city near Minneapolis

Q. A branch of mathematics

R. When you visit this city you must go native

S. To surround entirely

T. A Confederate general

U. Any meeting for exchanging information and holding discussions

WORDS

161 60 68 13 23 76 44

105 26 69 100 93 40 14

58 104 138 29 107 114 77 98 145

121 154 94 78 156 140

126 24 31 124 43 49 54 87 110 152 165

137 116 15 59 147

37 70 32 6 91 63 151 158

125 65 146 101

144 17 45 109 80 135 118

162 71 131 81 47

36 72 50 82 66 122 129

See page 465 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 C	2 A	3 D	4 F	5 J	6 Q	7 E	8 B		9 C	10 E	11 J	12 I	13 K	14 L	15 P
16 B	17 S		18 D	19 E	20 F	21 C	22 J		23 K	24 O	25 F	26 L	27 J	28 G		29 M
30 D	31 O	32 Q	33 B	34 F		25 J	36 U		37 Q	38 G	39 I	40 L	41 A		42 G	43 O
	44 K	45 S	46 E	47 T		48 A	49 O		50 U	51 B	52 G	53 F	54 O	55 H	56 C	57 I
	58 M	59 P	60 K	61 B	62 F	63 Q	64 J	65 R	66 U		67 C	68 K		69 L	70 Q	
71 T	72 U	73 G	74 A		75 H	76 K	77 M		78 N	79 H	80 S	81 T	82 U	83 A	84 J	85 C
86 E	87 O	88 I	89 G		90 D	91 Q		92 I	93 L	94 N	95 B	96 H		97 J	98 M	99 D
	100L	101R		102J	103F	104M	105L		106F	107M		108I	109S		110O	111J
112A		113B	114M	115I		116P	117H	118S	119E	120B	121N	122U	123G		124O	125R
	126O	127J	128A	129U	130G	131T	132E		133I	134J		135S	136H	137P		138M
139D	140N	141G	142B		143C	144S		145M	146R	147P	148C	149J	150G	151O		152O
153D	154N	155C		156N	157H	158O	159D	160F	161K		162T	163E	164D	165O		

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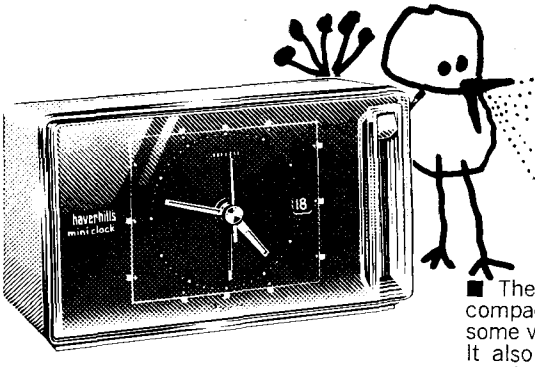

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Kennedy Has a Secret

ON THE Right

New York, April 16—At a major Midwestern university one day recently two of its brightest students found themselves planning for an impending visit by Senator Robert Kennedy. Both are highly practiced in making arrangements for visiting dignitaries, having served as heads of the student speaker's series, so that although they worked diligently to make certain that everything would be just right, they felt no stage fright at producing an appearance by a Presidential candidate, not even by the Presidential candidate they ardently favor, for they have been, ever since Kennedy's entry into the race, president and vice president of the state Youth for Kennedy.

Twenty-four hours before the visitation, an incredible ten (10) advance men pile out of an airplane and begin issuing orders at the rate of approximately ten per minute. for a period of about ten hours, totally rearranging, not to say convulsing, the well-laid plans of the two college students. For one thing, the appearance will not be in the field house, but in the gymnasium. Why? the students ask. The field house holds ten thousand, the gym three thousand: surely it is better to talk to ten than to three thousand? The chief advance man smiles. Look, he says, in the first place, how are you going to be sure that ten-thousand people will come in to fill the field house? There are only 150,000 people in this whole town, and a lot of them just aren't interested. Sure, Charlie will try to get the school board to declare a holiday so the kids can come. But maybe he'll succeed, maybe he won't. Meanwhile, we can be sure to fill the gym, and what matters is that TV shows SRO. Better a full room of one hundred people than the Hollywood Bowl with a hundred empty seats.

The technique, a professional carefully explains, is at the one hand obvious, but even so, effective. Mr. Kennedy's appeal is to the youth, and he is as aware as anyone that they do not vote. But never mind, they are the instruments through which he intends to communicate an enthusiasm for his candidacy to older people, and by one simple means: the six o'clock and the eleven o'clock news every day. Every day at that time, when the television networks give their reports on the day's news, there will be shots of a mass student audience at a gymnasium somewhere, having been carefully deployed by the advance men, responding like snake dancers to the directions of the high priest. The idea is that the viewer will come soon to believe that this is *force majeure*. That is when the delegates will begin to feel—or so it is programmed by Mr. Kennedy's strategists—that an irresistible force is moving through the land. And in politics what you do about irresistible force is lie down and enjoy it.

The two students, awaiting the arrival of the Senator, are amused by it all. They are of a rather different breed from the typical Kennedy-maniacs who treat him as they would a visit by Our Lady of Lourdes, exposing all their infirmities to him for instant curing. For one thing, they have no particular respect for Mr. Kennedy's mind, and none at all for what he is saying. They can agree that he is most fearfully demagogic, that one can never tell what he really believes, that a line pursuing his disjointed statements on Johnson and Vietnam would touch every point of any graph; that the revivalist aspect of the public meetings is the result of intensive planning, of exquisitely orchestrated emotions and programming. . .

STILL, what matters, as one of them puts it, is: "Kennedy is in motion." There. There is the excitement of Kennedy. They don't like it where they are, and Kennedy will move things in another direction. What direction? It seems to matter only that it should be in a direction other than the inertial direction. In that sense we are sitting on top of the north pole, and wherever we go, we are going south. The Kennedy-watchers must grasp this element. It is the key to his success.

There is no other key. What, just what has he said in the month he has been campaigning, that would stick in the mind of anyone? Nothing, nothing at all. What about his delivery, his general appearance? For all his efforts to look like the boy-king, he manages, in the words of Murray Kempton, to look "more like early Sal Mineo than late James Dean."

But he knows how to give the impression of fluidity, of that magic motion one hankers after when one is convinced that, as a society, we are stranded in the middle of the road, with great world forces careening by us in every direction. □

ENTER NELSON

New York, April 18—The question conservatives have been asking themselves during the past year or so is: What can we expect from Nelson Rockefeller by way of a foreign policy? Traditionally, Mr. Rockefeller has lined up with the anti-Communist community. I remember a few years ago, when the Governor was alternating between militarism in our foreign policy and Barnum and Bailey welfarism at home, a history-minded observer remarking that he was in the tradition of the old Roman emperor who, in order to keep his legions full and happy, needed a lot of bread and a lot of circuses.

Then, suddenly, silence. The assumption was that the Governor was preparing for the crucial battle of 1966 and did not want to distract attention from the problems of his unruly state. Every now and then he would say a word or two in support of the Vietnam effort, but nothing like the cataract of pronouncements to which he had been given over the years.

Came then the election, which he won, and the period immediately after it during which the Governor remained more or less silent. The excuse then was that inasmuch as Governor Romney was the anointed in-

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strument of Republican moderation, Rockefeller should stay out of the way, lest he utter thoughts on foreign policy that would compete with Romney's, as indeed any thoughts would have. But then Romney quit, and still there was silence, although a front-page story in the *New York Times* reported that Governor Rockefeller had been "re-thinking" his foreign policy: and so the anti-Communist community went on biting its fingernails.

Now it has happened. Mr. Rockefeller in a most conspicuous gesture has named Emmet John Hughes as his principal campaign adviser. Now Mr. Hughes is not the kind of man who knows whom to call in order to deliver the 10th Ward in Chicago, or the New Mexican delegation. Thus, although he is listed in the news as the campaign director of Mr. Rockefeller, he is really Mr. Rockefeller's speechwriter, and policy adviser: and a knowledge of his work is central to understanding the thought of the new Rockefeller.

Alas, Emmet John Hughes has not been silent on foreign policy during the past years. He was a dove before Picasso. He has challenged the central contentions of our anti-Communist foreign policy for years, insistently, with diminishing patience for those who disagree with him. He is an absolutely resolute man on the matter of getting out of Vietnam, and pursuing convergence with the Soviet Union. In a gesture that recalls Franklin Roosevelt's dealings with his subordinates, Mr. Rockefeller also appointed Professor Henry Kissinger, who is the anti-Communist at Harvard, as a member of his staff. That will be a happy office.

Obviously Mr. Rockefeller is, as they say, strung out on Mr. Hughes, because not only do the bulk of the Republicans object to his analysis of our foreign policy, one particular Republican does not permit the mention of Mr. Hughes' name in his presence. "Hi ya fella," I can hear Mr. Rockefeller saying to General Eisenhower at Miami—"you remember Emmet Hughes?" There goes Mr. Eisenhower's vote, which is not available to anyone who makes an association with the former aide who violated all those confidences in his book on the Eisenhower Administration.

Mr. Hughes' appointment at a considerable personal sacrifice (he had to resign a job with *Newsweek* which was wonderfully lucrative, and gloriously unexacting), can only mean that Mr. Rockefeller is in this business for the long haul. If he contrives to win the nomination and then the Presidency, that will certainly keep Mr. Hughes occupied on into the future. If he loses the nomination, then Mr. Hughes will have to —well, write another book, which is what we people do when life peters out for us. But meanwhile, we must brace ourselves for the extension of Mr. Hughes' voice in the Rockefeller edition of *Newsweek*. □

THE DETERIORATION OF McCARTHY

Washington, April 24—It was a very bad weekend for Senator Eugene McCarthy, illustrative of the almost inevitable appeal, once you get out on that left wing, to radicalize your politics so as to attempt an end run around your opponent. What the Senator desires is to replace Bobby in the affections of the tough-left. As things stood when he entered the race, McCarthy had Johnson on his right, and Kennedy on his left. It isn't really fair, in American politics, to demand that one exactly justify a politician's situation on the spectrum. He occupies it as a matter of the relations of forces.

But now, with the emergence of Hubert Humphrey who will commandeer the right wing of the Democratic Party, McCarthy needs to build up his left, particularly in challenging Kennedy in Indiana. Accordingly, McCarthy has made a string of statements especially appealing to our old friend the knee-jerk liberal.

Buckley

First is the call for paying ransom to the North Koreans in return for the crew of the *Pueblo*. That has a special appeal for Americans who like to think of the United States as a great big brawling international bully who needs an occasional dose of pride-reducing. It is no less a dangerous suggestion to make because Professor McCarthy was able to cite a couple of precedents from imperial Roman and English history. The Romans and the British, on the few occasions when they paid out ransom, were dealing with the repatriation of soldiers who had been taken in combat, or rescuing them from certain death. Our crew off North Korea was not engaged in combat, nor was it inside Korean territorial waters. The precedent of America's ransom for the recovery of the Cuban soldiers we lost at the Bay of Pigs is once again irrelevant. The soldiers had fought against Cuba, were effectively under our control; and our military failure to protect them threw the burden for their relief on our rich if unsteady shoulders.

Then Senator McCarthy suggested that Secretary Rusk resign. He was even so obliging as to designate his successor, Senator Mansfield. It is interesting to see a man who has so steadfastly in the past defended the prerogatives of the chief executive, forwarding advice to the President in tones that recall the peremptoriness with which Thaddeus Stevens used to address Andrew Johnson. The notion that Rusk's resignation is critical to the success of the negotiations with North Vietnam is, of course, politicians' voodoo. Senator McCarthy should be gently reminded that he has won neither the nomination, nor the election; and he might also be reminded that almost one-half of those who voted for him in New Hampshire, did so believing him to be hawkier than Lyndon Johnson; even as it has recently transpired that many of those who propose in Indiana to vote for Kennedy, will be doing so because, in the words of one interviewee, "he'll bomb the hell out of North Vietnam and end this war."

And then, finally, the iconoclast's pilgrimage to the shrine of the defamers of J. Edgar Hoover. Senator McCarthy tried half-heartedly to protect himself from utterly abandoned impiety, by saying that his proposal that J. Edgar Hoover be fired had nothing to do with "the man." McCarthy is too skilful a practitioner to deal so carelessly with the language.

If he had meant to compliment Mr. Hoover on his accomplishments, he'd have done so. If he had meant to make a case for the automatic retirement of all public servants at, say, age seventy, he could simultaneously have proposed the retirement of Earl Warren and John McCormack. Instead, he chose the bill of attainder route, neglecting even a ritual compliment to a man who during the fifty years of his most distinguished career in the executive branch of government, has been less susceptible to moral and intellectual corruption than one aspiring politician showed himself to be over a single weekend. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Rockefeller** backers close to panic. At emergency meeting in Washington last week they told Rocky he'd have to make move, and make it soon, and make it undrafty or **Nixon** would get nomination. **Romney** warned he can't hold his Michigan delegates in line much longer; **Clifford Case** said same about New Jersey. Gov. **Shafer** of Pennsylvania, badly burned when Rocky made his first I-am-not-running statement, is cool, cool, cool. Said a spokesman: "Gov. Shafer is not antagonistic toward Rockefeller, but he will not join in any movement to stop any candidate." . . . Also at meeting: Senators **Javits**, **Brooke**, **Morton** and **Cooper** (Ky.) . . . Nixon aides privately admit their worry: they feel Nixon's campaign against no professed opponent is losing steam, despite 3-1 victory over Rockefeller in Pennsylvania last week. . . . **Reagan**'s aides say he'll make campaign swing touching Florida, Chicago and Cleveland third week in May to reconnoiter the lay of the land; he has broken precedent and chartered a press plane for the jaunt.

■ Have you noticed: growing talk of a **Humphrey-Kennedy** ticket at Chicago? **James Reston** mentioned it in *N.Y. Times*, Gov. **John Connally** of Texas tried it out for size. Rationale: Kennedy isn't catching fire the way his backers expected; **McCarthy** (vide Pennsylvania, where he ran 9-1 ahead of Bobby) is doing better than expected; party pros, and labor, forming up behind HHH.

■ On the publication front: *Ramparts*, which had trouble financing its March issue, will reappear in July as bi-weekly: and will double its subscription price. "It is," says editor Warren Hinkle, "going to be more political." . . . **Pat Frawley**'s right-wing *Square* is now out in Los Angeles, and well received by the under-30s for whom it's hippiely edited. . . . After all sorts of travail *Fragments* (248-47 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose, N.Y.) has finally brought forth its double issue dedicated to the late **Frank Chodorov**. . . . NATIONAL REVIEW has been cited for excellence ("for brightening the solemn business of political discourse by mixing humor with its strong opinions"), by the **Magazine Publishers Association**. . . . And the **National Committee for Responsible Patriotism**, which sponsored the highly successful "Support Our Men in Vietnam" parade last May, has received an award from **Freedom Foundation** at Valley Forge.

Daily Sketch, London — Ben Roth Agency

"After all these years it's going to be difficult to find something to do on Sundays."

■ Those five fellow guerrillas of **Che Guevara** have finally returned to Cuba and gotten a warm abrazo from **Fidel**. To reach Havana from Chile, they had to go to Tahiti, Paris, Prague (line from Bolivia to Cuba goes through Prague?). . . . Also en route home: Major **Jean Schramme** and his 180 white mercenaries, scheduled to be flown to Europe in Red Cross planes last week. Col **Mobutu** had, incidentally, dropped, a fortnight earlier, his demand that they be returned to the Congo for trial. . . . Ten months later, Col. **Boumedienne** finally released the hijacked Hawker Siddeley twin-jet in which **Tshombe** was flown to Algeria, but Tshombe himself remains in an Algerian military prison. . . . **Henri Alleg**, remember him? The French Communist who claimed to have been tortured by French soldiers in Algiers and wrote the inflammatory *La Question*? He's back in the news, protesting the torture of 25 Algerian union leaders in Boumedienne's jails.

■ In California, **Max Rafferty**'s primary campaign against Sen. **Thomas Kuchel** said to be suffering for lack of funds. Latest poll shows Kuchel leading Rafferty by 51 per cent to 35, but with 14 still undecided. *New Republic* boasts that Kuchel has voted "more often with Bobby Kennedy than with his fellow Republicans." . . . What do you know: The Rev. **Wm. Sloane Coffin** was in court again the other day, in Bridgeport, to answer a speeding charge: his fourth in as many years (reckless driving en route to civil disobedience, no doubt).

■ **Whitney Young** is touting a political proposal of his own this year: "I've got one too, but it's pretty simple. My plan is for no more studies of the Negroes this year. Studying Negroes threatens to become one of the biggest industries in the United States."

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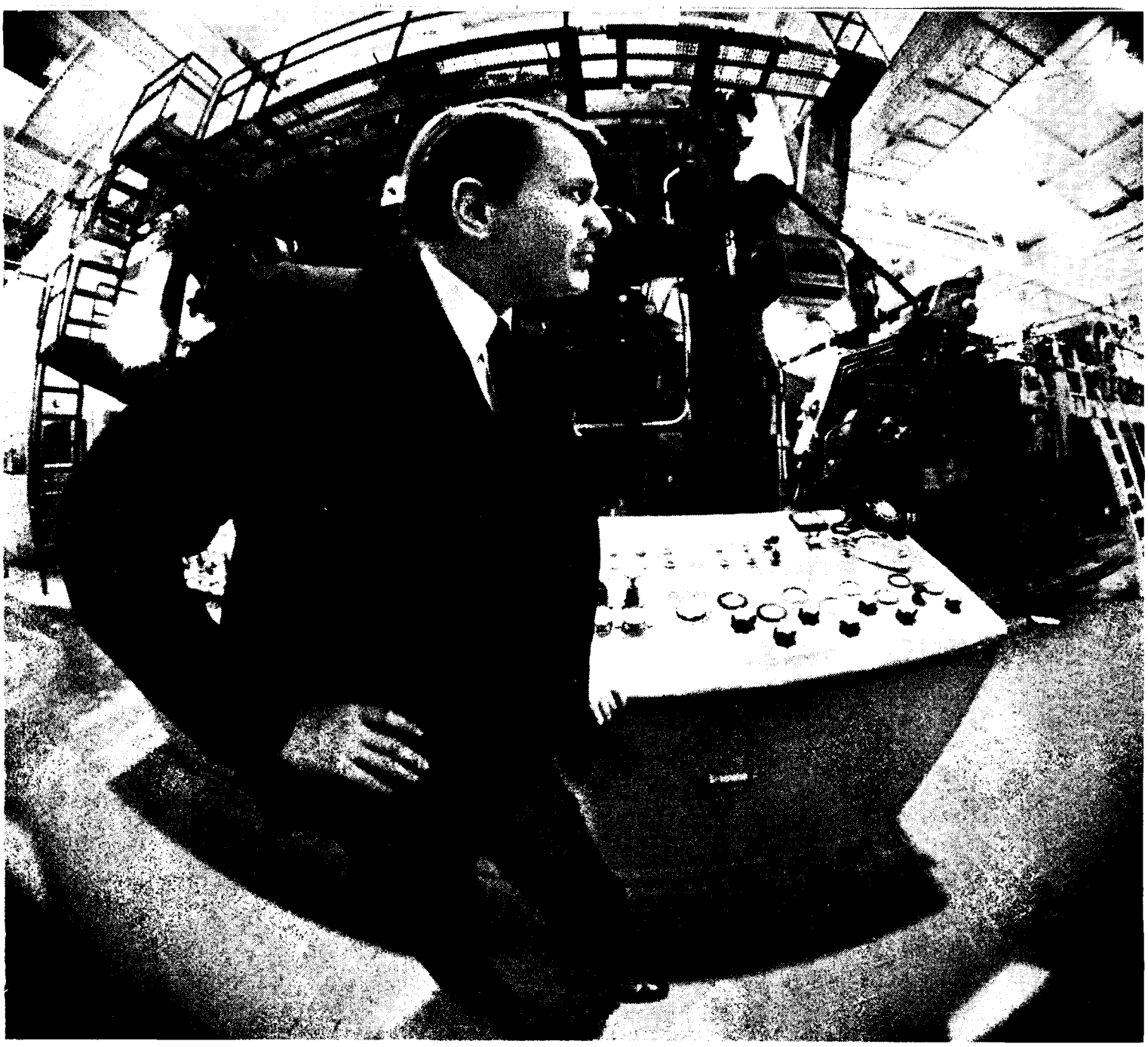

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